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THE GREAT RED PIPESTONE COUNTRY.

BY

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On the mountains of the prairie,
On the great red pipestone quarry.



WID it ever occur to the reader of "Hiawatha" what could have been Longfellow's meaning by this apparent contradiction? It came to us, a party of ten, on horseback, in its full significance, one perfect June day, as we cantered over the terraces and imperceptible swells of the *Coteau des Prairies*. When we dismounted and climbed what Catlin calls "the noblest mound of its kind in the world," two thousand feet above the level of the sea, we found it difficult to realize the great elevation, because so gradual. Yet in the limpid atmosphere, Lake Benton, fifteen

miles away, was clearly visible, and the course of the Big Sioux, twenty miles west, could be traced by the timber on its banks, while away to the north-east lay the broken hills where the Des Moines and Redwood rivers take their rise. The immediate outlook was not broken by tree or shrub; there was nothing to intercept the boundless ocean of prairie, vanishing into blue and white-capped mountains of sky.

Little has been known of this grand *Coteau des Prairies*, except from a few explorers of 1832 and 1836. This upland prairie—rising four hundred and fifty feet above the surrounding land, for a distance of one hundred and thirty miles—is described by these explorers as "most beautiful." It was a mysterious land, the Mecca of sacred import to the red man. Here, in ages past, terrible battles have been fought by savage tribes, some of the

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rude earthworks and fortifications yet remaining. Here,

Gitche Manitou, the Mighty,
Called the tribes of men together,

and taught them the arts of peace. Here, is the famous quarry where the blood-red stone for the peace-pipe—the calumet of history—is found, and many are the thrilling and poetic legends connected therewith.

This blood-red stone has a peculiar significance, and is an object of veneration to the Indian. Since taught by "Manitou" (the Great Spirit) warlike tribes have gathered here in peace, to worship, dig the stone and smoke the calumet. Relics of camps may be traced in great numbers, by the stones placed in circles, now nearly buried from sight, except when prairie fires sweep over them. Legend says that a remnant of red men were driven from a deluge to the top of this rocky crest, where an eagle had built her nest, and that the rising waters swallowed all but one maiden, who clung to the eagle for safety. When the waters receded, the Great Spirit found a cliff of rocky warriors turned into shining jasper! In solemn wrath he vowed that henceforth the tribes should meet here only in peace, that no war-whoop should be heard, no bow and arrow or tomahawk should be seen at this rendezvous, but hereafter the tribes should assemble here each year to wash off their war-paint in the lake, bury the hatchet and smoke the peace-pipe, in token of which, the maiden and war-eagle should sacrifice a milk-white bison—a rare and sacred beast, and an object of ceremonious and mysterious sacrifice. It was laid on the altar of jasper, when lo! the flames of heaven descended, as lightning, connecting the stem of Manitou's pipe with the altar, from whence rose sweet incense, the blood of the sacrifice staining the crag a crimson stain. The eagle also joined in the compact by leaving five eggs, which turned into huge boulders of stone, watched over by two female genii, who remained in the grottoes between those eggs, and alternately sleep and watch the sacred quarry. Then Manitou broke open the quarry for his children, and taught them how to carve the calumet and smoke it as a pledge; after which he left his own impress on a commanding

pinnacle of rock, in the form of a human face, and then vanished from their sight.

Since that time, oblations have ascended from tens of thousands of savages, who have left their hieroglyphics on the stones, and unmistakable proofs of their industry in the vast piles of upturned earth. It is said, that long before Manitou had broken open this quarry, when wars and bloodshed had decreased the tribes, three maidens—the last of their sex—fled to these rocks, and the Great Spirit, pitying their woes, turned them into stone, where they stand the object of wonder to-day.

Now in memory of the conflict,
And the part the boulders bore,
They are named in weird tradition
"The Three Maidens" evermore.*

This almost unknown bit of historic ground is situated near the southern end of the *Coteau des Prairies*, on the divide of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, two hundred and eighty miles from St. Paul, in the land of the Da-ko-tas, seven miles from the eastern border of that territory, in Minnesota. From the summit of the pipestone quarry, divide the long parallel swells, like the waves of a sea, until the green of earth and the blue of heaven mingle in one horizon. Catlin, the famed explorer of Indian country, was the first white man who ventured upon this spot. He undertook this journey in 1832, attracted by the fame of this peculiar ledge and the surrounding country, represented by Indian legends and tales. At that period, a journey which consumed eight months over two thousand four hundred miles, was made at great expense of money and physical strength. For companions, he had his trusty Indian guide and a young English gentleman. His description of the *coteau*, the pipestone ridge and quarry is as exact in most particulars as if given to-day, and for this reason has an added charm:

"For many miles in the distance we had the *coteau* in view, which looked liked a blue cloud settling down in the horizon, and when we arrived at its base, we were scarcely sensible of the fact, from the graceful and almost imperceptible swells with which it commences its elevation above the country

* Adelaide George Bennett.



"WINNEWISSA'S SNOWY FOAM."

about it. Over these swells and terraces gently rising one above another, we traveled for a distance of forty or fifty miles, when we at length reached the summit of the pipestone quarry, and the object of our campaign. From the base of this majestic mound to its top, there was not a tree or bush to be seen in any direction, and we were assured by our Indian guide that it descended to the Missouri with a similar inclination for an equal distance, divested of everything that grows, save the grass and animals that walk upon it. On the very top of this mound-ridge, we found the far-famed quarry, or fountain of the red-pipe. The principal and most striking feature of this place is a perpendicular wall of close-grained, compact quartz, of twenty-five or thirty feet in elevation, running nearly north and south, with its face to the west, exhibiting a front of nearly two miles in length, when it disappears at both ends by running under the prairie, which is there a little more elevated, and probably covers it for many miles to the north and south. The depression of the brow of the ridge at this place has been caused by the wash of the little stream produced by several springs at the top of the ridge, a little back from the wall, which has gradually carried away the superincumbent earth, and having bared the wall for a distance

of two miles, is now left to glide for some distance over a perfectly level surface of quartz rock, and then leap from the top of the wall into a deep basin below, from thence seeking its course to the Missouri, forming the extreme source of a noted and powerful tributary, called the Big Sioux. This beautiful wall is perfectly stratified in several distinct horizontal layers of light gray and rose or flesh-colored quartz, and through the greater part of the way both on the front of the wall and over acres of its horizontal surface, it is highly polished or glazed, as if by ignition.

"At the base of this wall, and running parallel to it, there is a level prairie of half a mile in width, in any and all parts of which the Indians procure the red-stone for their pipes by digging through the soil and several slaty layers of the stone, to the depth of four or five feet. From the very numerous marks of ancient and modern excavations, it would appear that the place had been resorted to, for many centuries, to secure the red-stone; and from the number of graves and remains of ancient fortifications in the vicinity, as well as from their actual traditions, it appears that the Indian tribes have long held this place in superstitious estimation, and also, that it has been the resort of different tribes who have made their regular pilgrimage here



SPECIMEN BRAVES.

to renew their pipes. It is evident also, that these people set an extraordinary value on the red-stone, independent of the fact that it is more easily carved and makes better pipes than any other stone. Whenever an Indian presents a pipe of it, he gives it as something from the Great Spirit, and some of the tribes have a tradition that the red men were all created from the *red-stone*, and that it thereby 'is a part of their flesh'! Such was the superstition of the Sioux on this

subject, that we had great difficulty in approaching it, being stopped by several hundred of them, who ordered us back, and threatened us very hard, saying that no white man had ever seen it, and that none should.

"At the base of this wall, and within a few rods of it, on the very ground where the Indians dig for the stone, rests a group of stupendous boulders of gneiss, leaning against each other, weighing unquestionably several hundred tons. These blocks are composed chiefly of feldspar and mica, of an exceedingly coarse grain, the feldspar often occurring in crystals an inch in diameter. The surface of these boulders is in every part covered with gray moss, which gives them an exceedingly ancient and venerable appearance, while their sides and angles are rounded by attrition to the shape and character of other erratic stones found throughout the country.

"That these five immense blocks of precisely the same character, and differing materially from all other specimens of boulders which I have seen in the great valleys of the Mississippi and Missouri, should have been hurled some hundreds of miles from their native beds and be lodged in so singular a group on this elevated ridge, is truly a matter of surprise for the scientific world as well as for the poor Indian, whose superstitious veneration for them is such that not a spear of grass is broken or bent by his

feet within three or four rods of the group, where he stops and in humble supplication solicits their permission to dig and carry away the red-stone for his pipes."

Mr. Charles H. Bennett, Secretary of the Minnesota Historical Society, has rescued from the brink of oblivion a historical gem. On the face of a large rock in this famous quarry, he found inscribed the initials of a party of white men who traversed this region four years after Catlin. The inscription is as follows

J. M. NICOLLET,	Expedition, July 38.
C. F.	
C. A. G.	
J. L.	
J. E. F.	
J. R. —	

When Nicollet explored the Upper Mississippi region, from '34 to '38, General John C. Fremont, then lieutenant of the United States Corps of Topographical Engineers, accompanied him as principal aid. Mr. Bennett believed that Fremont's initials were among those traced on the escarpment, although not clearly indicated; therefore, to settle the question, he wrote to the General a letter of inquiry, and received a reply, of which the following is a part:*

"We made a camp at the red pipe-stone quarry, and met there a band of Sioux. The initials to which you particularly refer: C. F., are for Charles Fremont, as I then commonly wrote my name. The names Lake, Jessie and Benton are for my wife and Senator Benton. I wonder if the chimney which stood in front of the escarpment is still standing? It required a sure foot to jump from the main rock to the top of it. I would like to revisit the places your letter recalls. Perhaps I shall be less pressed with work when June comes round, and if so, will avail myself of your kind invitation to be present at the reunion of the Grand Army to gather on this historic spot hitherto sacred to the Indian."

The "chimney" alluded to in General Fremont's letter, has reference to "Manitou Face," or, "Leaping Rock"—the former name given because of its striking

resemblance upon three sides to a human face, said to be the Great Spirit in stone. This rock has been chosen as a goal for the most intrepid youths among Indian braves, for leaping across a perilous chasm thirty feet deep. Those who accomplished this feat might rightfully boast thereof. A tale is told of a young Sioux chieftain, proudly wearing the war-eagle's plumes, who led hither his band of braves to show them his valor and skill, desiring to write his name in glory in his tribe's traditions, but made a fatal leap and found a grave among the stones.

The belief is prevalent among the Indians that, in their yearly pilgrimage to the quarry, they are saluted by the Great Spirit with thunder and lightning. Nicollet cites as his experience during the exploring tour made with Fremont, that half a mile from the quarry they were met by a severe thunder-storm, during which the wind blew with such force as to threaten their overthrow. "If this mode of reception was at first intended as an indication of anger on the part of the Great Spirit, we may add that he was soon reconciled to our presence, for the sun soon made his appearance, drying both the valley and our baggage. The rest of the day was spent in pitching our tents on the supposed consecrated ground, and in admiring the beautiful effects of lights and shadows produced by the western sun as it illumined the several parts of the bluff, composed of red rock of different shades, extending a league in length, and presenting the appearance of the ruins of some ancient city built of marble and porphyry.

"The valley of the red pipestone extends from N. N. W. to S. S. E. in the form of an ellipsis, three miles in length, with a breadth at its smaller axis of half a mile. It is cradle shaped, and its slope to the east is a smooth sward. Its slope to the west is rugged, presenting a surface of rocks throughout its entire length, that forms a very picturesque appearance. . . The principal rock that strikes the attention of the observer in this remarkable inland bluff is an indurated, metamorphic sand-rock or quartzite, the red color of which diminishes in intensity from base to summit. It is distinctly stratified, the upper beds being very much weather-

* Used by permission.

worn and disintegrated into large cubic fragments. The whole thickness of this quartzite, which immediately overlies the bed of the red pipestone, is twenty-six and a half feet. Its strata appear to have a small dip to the N. E. The floor of the valley, which is higher than the red pipestone, is formed by the inferior strata of the quartzite, and in the spring of the year is generally under water, the action of which upon the rock is apparent in the great quantity of fragments strewn over the valley, so as to render it uncomfortable to walk over them. The creek by which the valley is drained feeds in its course three distinct small basins at different elevations that penetrate down as far as the red pipestone. This stone, not more interesting to the Indian than it is to the man of science by its unique character, deserves a particular description. In the quarry which I had opened

the thickness of the bed is one foot and a half, the upper portions of which separate in thin slabs, while the lower ones are more compact. As a mineralogical species it may be described as follows: compact; structure slaty; receiving a dull polish; having a red streak; color blood-red, with dots of a fainter shade of the same color; fracture rough; sectile; feel somewhat greasy; hardness not yielding to the nail; not scratched by selenite, but easily by



INDIAN SQUAW AND PAPOOSE.



SIOUX CHILDREN.

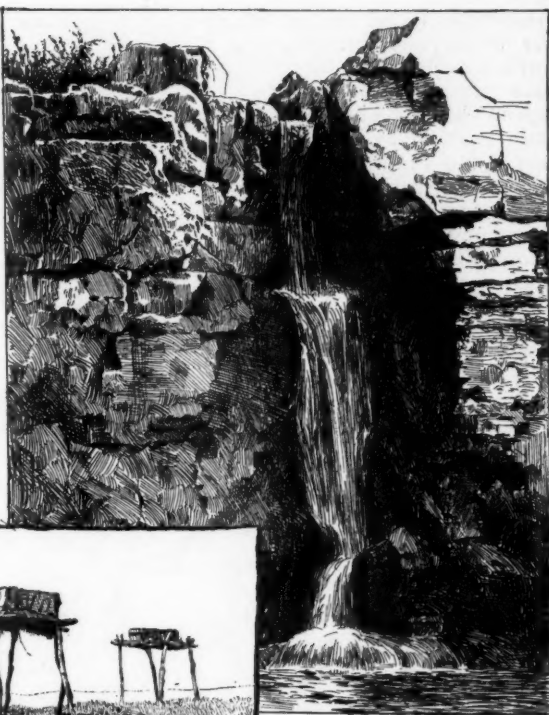
calcareous spar; specific gravity 2.90. The acids have no action upon it; before the blow-pipe it is infusible *per se*, but with borax gives a green glass.

Another feature of the red pipestone valley is the occurrence of granite boulders of larger size than any I had ever met. One of these measured sixty feet in circumference and was from ten to twelve feet thick. These are strewn over the valley, in which it is remarkable that there are no pebbles."

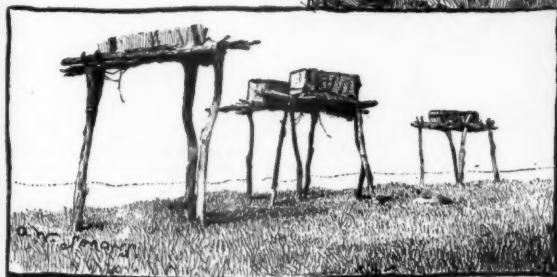
This scientific report of Nicolle's is of great value, com-

elling the red pipestone to take its place among interesting minerals. The *Coteau des Prairies* must become an important theme for geologists, not merely from the fact that it is the only known locality of that mineral, but from other phenomena relating to it. The single fact of such a table of quartz resting in perfectly horizontal strata on this elevated plateau is of itself a very remarkable and curious subject of investigation. That Catlin maintained this view is evident from the following:

"The glazed or polished surface of these rocks at the



STRATIFIED ROCKS OF PIPESTONE.



INDIAN GRAVE-YARD.

produced by ignition or by the action of the air and sun.*

pipestone quarry I consider a very interesting subject, and one which will hereafter produce a variety of theories as to the manner in which it has been formed and the causes which led to such singular results. The quartz is of a close grain and exceedingly hard, eliciting the most brilliant sparks from steel; and in most cases where it is exposed to sun and air, its surface has a high polish, entirely beyond any result which could have been obtained by diluvial action, being perfectly glazed as if by ignition. . . . The polish does not extend over the entire wall, but is distributed over it in sections, often disappearing suddenly and re-appearing again, even when the character and exposure of the rocks are the same. Generally the parts most exposed bear the highest polish, which would naturally be the case, whether it was

has been the theme of some of the most interesting legends and myths of the North American Indians, especially pertaining to the cause of the blood-red stain of the stone.

Many legends and traditions
Cluster round this sacred spot,
Many histories and records
Deep with hidden meaning fraught.

One simple tale of folk-lore says that in the ages preceding the Great Spirit's decree, a chief's daughter was captured in war. Refusing to be the wife of her captor, she was therefore sacrificed. In dying she predicted that the Great Spirit would throw her blood upon the sun's disk to her people far away, and that the quarry beneath her feet would be

* Some authorities think this due to the polishing effects of sand and dust, driven by the high winds of this region.

perpetually tinted with her blood, and henceforth sacred to all Indian tribes. Another legend tells that the stain is made by sacrifice of the white bison, when the compact was sealed between the Great Spirit and the warring tribes; but the most fascinating of all is told by "Strike-the-Ree," the head-chief of the Sioux tribes, now over ninety years of age, and residing at the Yankton agency. He was married at this quarry, at an encampment of six thousand Indians, and secured the pipestone



SIoux INDIAN WOMAN.

reservation for his people. He is known by his Indian name as Pa-din-a-pa-pa. The charm of listening to this remarkable legend from his lips, sitting among the rocks or at the foot of the lake, can be better imagined than described:

In far-off ages, a million, million moons ago, the Great Spirit formed the first Indian mortal from a star—the first Da-ko-ta.

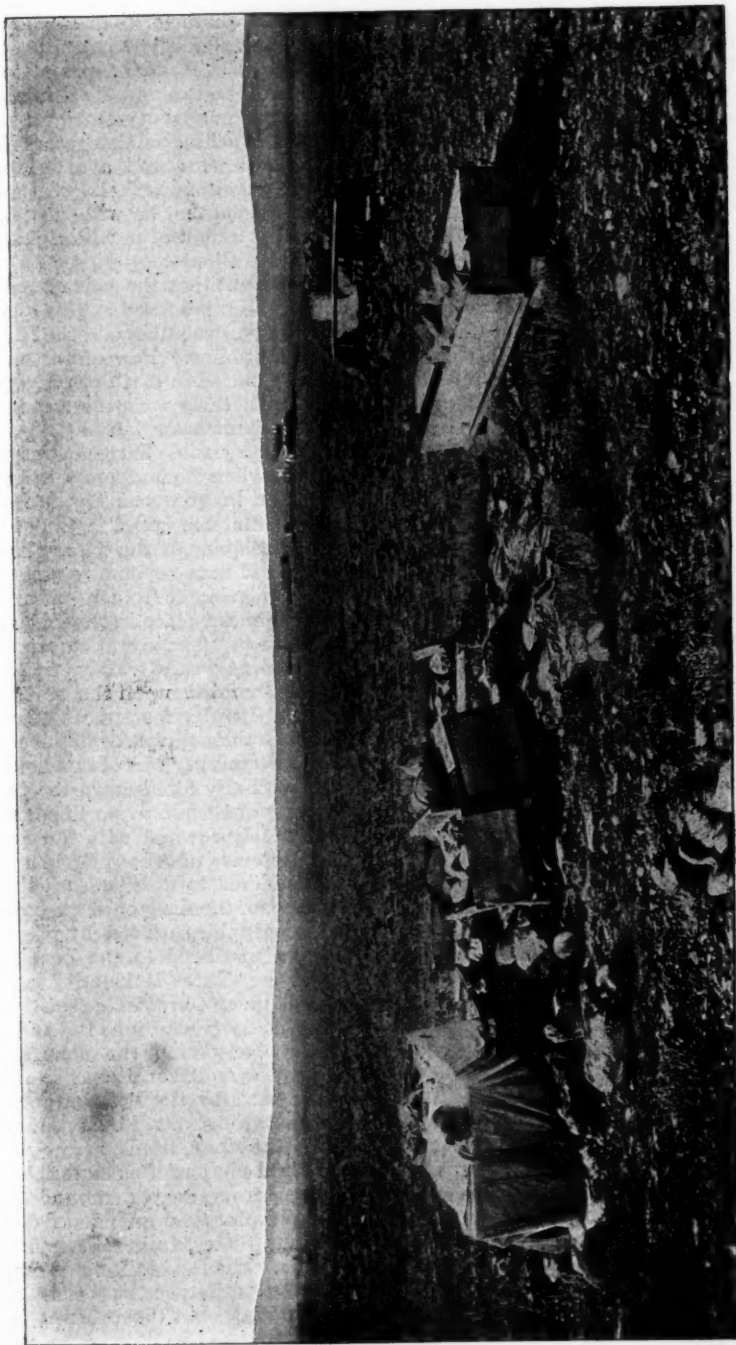
* "Great Spirit in the night
While lightnings split the heavens thro' and thro'

* J. Ivan Downs.

Plucked down that star so bright,
And in his wondrous might
Did mould and make the bravest Sioux!
And, as he were a ball,
He tossed and watched him fall
Down through the dark, till he alighted there,
Near by yon lake so fair
(T'was larger then, a river coursing through),
Upon soft ground. He was not hurt at all!"

The Great Spirit then made a bow from the rainbow, and arrows from the lightning, and threw them down to this new man, bidding him to be brave and slay the game about him. This first Sioux was mighty and valorous, slaying the deer and bear, the wolf and elk, for many years. "It would take more than twelve moons to tell his deeds," but at last he grew very lonely in the vast solitude, and pined for he knew not what—at least for something new. Often did he dream of another face, and start when he saw his own upon the water. So he prayed for some one like himself, yet not like, but fairer, a voice of music, and a form more pliant. Would she hold him in her arms when he wearied of the chase?

So this first Sioux, Wa-kin-yan, grew sad and thin, and more and more discontented; kept close to his teepee, and left the game unmolested, while he prayed and prayed for another human



INDIAN GRAVES IN MONTANA.

form to be sent him. Meantime a huge leviathan (?) named Wi-toon-ti, who lived in the slimy ooze on every creature's blood, afraid of Wa-kin-yan's bow, grew bolder now and peered inside his lodge, with a devilish leer, taunting him to come forth to shoot the buffalo as of old, or even try his arrows on him;

And then he'd limp and sprawl,
And on his belly crawl,
And lash the trees to trembling with his tail,
And rear insultingly each slimy scale!

But still Wa-kin-yan prayed from morn till night that heaven would grant his great desire, till the Great Spirit, pitying him, broke a beam from off the sun, and moulded and fashioned the longed-for one—the first of all her sex; then calling an eagle from a thunder-cloud, he placed her on his back, bidding him carry her swiftly, gently down, and drop her in the sleeping lake by the side of the lonely Sioux. Forever after, those who bathed in that same lake secured immortal youth. But Wi-toon-ti and his monster turtle wife vowed vengeance on the innocent maiden, and determined to suck her blood in Wa-kin-yan's absence. ("From these sprang those dogs of Omahas, you know—ugh!") So they lay and sulked and glowered in the slimy ooze. By day they feared Wa-kin-yan's bow, and by night the Great Spirit guarded the way, so that the monster was forced to change his form to the shape of an elk, thus luring the hunter far to the north, then leaving him in a blizzard storm, sailed back as a swan into Win-ne-wis-sa's snowy foam, hiding 'neath the rocks till the maiden came for her bath, when he sucked her life-blood from under her chin. ("Do you see the blood splashes in yonder stone?")

Ever since that day, in spite of wind and storm, the rocks washed by the white cascade or bleached in summer's drought have carried the unfading stain. But the monsters were slain by the blazing tail-star, and groans, like thunder, rent the rocks in pieces, while blood in torrents filled the rifts, and both were hardened into pipe-stone before another day. The red stone came from Wi-toon-ti's heart, but the mottled rainbow tints from the speckled turtle's blood. Thus came to pass the enmity between Omahas and Sioux, perpetuated to this day.

No less a character than Pa-din-a-pa, and but a step below in authority, is Mana-ce-pa (Fat Mandan), prime minister to Strike-the-Ree and head soldier of the nation, now seventy-four years old. He was at Washington two years since, and has two sons and a daughter at Hampton in whom he feels great pride. It is understood that he will succeed his chief, and is a man of much originality, force and excellence.

It is evident that the cairn mode of burial has been practised at this quarry, though very unusual among the Indians of the great plains. Few of these, elsewhere, are buried in earth or cairns, but encased with their weapons and implements in blankets or buffalo-hide, and placed on inaccessible ledges of rocks, or in trees, or when too far from these, upon scaffolds, or in gorgeous teepee for the chieftain. But the belief in the sacredness and antiquity of the quarry has inclined the red man to endure great privations in pilgrimage from far-off climes, to secure a burial place in the fragments of the stone. "The countless numbers of these cairns in the valley, upon the cliff, and for miles upon the surrounding coteau, literally form a sacred cemetery, and as these purple or flesh-colored rocks are seemingly glazed too hard for carving with any tool known to the Indian, many of them and portions of the cliff are nearly covered with the fading painted totems of the pilgrims who have mouldered to dust beneath them.* Many, also, of the flat stones are covered with hieroglyphics carved by pilgrims, who have sacrificed to the *genii* ever watching the 'Three Maidens.'"

There is much to indicate that the Indians for many generations have highly prized the pipestone for the manufacture of their pipes, and that it has been extensively used by the red man for pipe sculpture throughout North America. Chips of the stone, beads, arrow-points, hatchets and pipes of this material have been taken from graves, mounds, and wells, even ploughed up from fields, in the various States, from Massachusetts to Georgia. The Dakota Indians employ seventy-five different patterns in as many materials, but the calumet is the one venerated. Mr. Edwin A. Barber

* P. W. Norris.

says, "The fact that this stone has been taken from Indian graves in the State of New York, and that others were found on an ancient site of a village in Georgia, at opposite points, twelve hundred miles from the pipestone quarry in Minnesota, reveals the great extent of intercommunication which formerly existed among this North American people. There is certainly strong presumptive evidence that the stone of the *Coteau des Prairies* has been used for centuries, and perhaps a much longer time."

The Jesuit missionary, Marquette, smoked the pipe of peace with Indians in 1673, and described the pipe as "made of a polished red stone like marble, so pierced that one end serves to hold the tobacco, while the other is fastened on the stem, which is a stick two feet long, as thick as a common cane, and pierced in the middle; it is ornamented with the head and neck of different birds of beautiful plumage. They also add large feathers of red, green and other colors, with which it is all covered."

In 1779, Carver says: "The calumet is four feet long, the bowl made of red marble, and the stem a light wood painted with hieroglyphics in various colors, and adorned with feathers of most beautiful birds."

Another authority quaintly says: "The calumet is the most mysterious thing in the world among the savages of North America, for it is used among all their important transactions. The head is finely polished, and the quill is made of strong reed or cane, adorned with bright feathers and interlaced with locks of human hair. They tie it to two wings of the most curious birds they find, which makes the calumet not much unlike Mercury's wand, or that staff ambassadors did formerly carry when they went to treat of peace. They sheathe that reed into the neck of birds they call huars, which are as big as our geese, and spotted with black and white; or else of a sort of duck, who make their nests upon trees, though water be their ordinary element, and whose feathers are of many different colors. However, every nation adorns the calumet according to their own genius and the birds they have in their country."

During the blissful June days of our

encampment at the foot of the quarry, not the least important feature was the camp of Indians which came upon the scene; its varied phases affording a most novel enjoyment. Small bands of red men still make their annual pilgrimage to this goal of their fathers, bringing families, household goods, stock and firewood. For several weeks they are diligently engaged in digging the stone, which, with their rude implements of crowbar, axe and sledge-hammer, necessarily consumes much time. At this felicitous time, Manacepa was here, with a band of stalwart diggers, squaws to cook the food, care for the animals and peddle their wares, and old women to tend the babies. One of the latter, Judith Cloud, was indeed an "ancient of years," almost fearful to look upon, because of her great age and wasted features. Another squaw, we named "Old Hunkety," because of her persistence in begging for food, and her ridiculous manner of doing it. She would come to our tent, peer inside, drop on the ground and scream with peculiar insistence, "*Me! Me! Eat! Eat! Hunkety! Hunkety!*" keeping up this cry incessantly till fed. Many of the men had strong, good faces, but the women were invariably ugly. A few visited us to beg, and more to barter, but by no device could they be induced to trade on Sunday, this band having been taught by the Episcopal mission in the Christian faith.

Nothing could be more picturesque than the sunset scene at such an encampment. From a seat above Manitou Rock we watch the smoke ascend from the teepees while the evening meal is prepared; women leading horses and cattle to water; men still at work with crowbar and axe among the rocks, surrounded by a relay smoking their pipes; children scampering over the plain till warned to return by the shrill note of some old woman, as she sits by an outdoor fire, watching the boiling pot and crooning to the babies in her arms.

Here is the incongruous dress of a cosmopolitan town, the younger portion of the camp clothed in white men's dress—some with cutaway coats, vests, white shirts and white felt hats; others in blouse or frock, with slouched black

hats, interspersed with blankets, feathers, beads and bare heads.

Some of the better dressed are coming in a zig-zag line from the town below, bringing market supplies and greedy appetites. We gaze till we dream of the war-eagle and maidens, the slaughtered bison, the lonely Sioux, Wit-oon-ti, and streams of blood pouring over the rocks and waters with unearthly shrieks in our ears, which proves but the locomotive's friendly call, as it emerges from Dakota's plains into the town, a mile away, bearing the name of these rocks, and practically dispelling illusions, dreams, legends and Indian superstitions.

Some of our party, with less wisdom than frolic, visited a teepee on Sunday morning to buy a few of the specimens of carved pipestone. They found the family at breakfast, and were treated with grave, cold politeness, until their errand was made known, after which the family refused to hold any conversation with them whatever.

A similar result was shown on another occasion when a party from the town visited the Flandreau Indians, who have a church fourteen miles from the quarry, wishing to engage them for a war-dance at the coming Fourth of July celebration. These white Christians undertook the matter on a Sunday morning and found the Indians all at church an hour before service, where they introduced the subject at once. To their astonishment and annoyance they could elicit no response—nothing but blank silence. Thus discomfited, they withdrew till after service, and then made further effort. Still the Indians stared in stolid silence upon the ground, and finally turned their backs upon their intruders in disdain, who then withdrew, too much chagrined to communicate the affair to their townsmen. A few days later, the Indians came in a body to negotiate for their services, thus proving their respect for the white man's religion, though contempt for its violators; yet the very fine rebuke was quite likely unheeded.

One day the Indian medicine man came to the doctor of our party, and, touching him upon the shoulder, said: "You big medicine man?" Being answered in the affirmative, he quickly touched his own breast, saying: "Me too!

Papoose sick. Come to him." Following the Indian, he entered the teepee on hands and knees, to find a boy of fourteen stretched upon the ground very sick with inflammation of the lungs, and tortured for breath in the smoke which filled the tent. "Me wash him in water from the fall. Me pound pipestone fine and give powder. No good. Me take him to Manitou rock. The Great Spirit he see. No help! You big medicine man help!" said the troubled father.

The doctor ordered the fire put out, and after giving appropriate medicines, experienced the pleasure, contrary to his expectations, of seeing the boy recover. A peace-pipe was given in return, which doubtless to the Indian seemed sufficient compensation.

The miracle of the year had reached its height, the days speeding on into July, while we studied the wonders of this legendary spot. Our table was decked not only with game, but wild roses with the dew on; with prairie clover and blazing star, fringed orchis and harebell, while wonderful lilies flamed for miles about us, but we sighed for the asters and golden rod not yet in bloom. We plucked the star-grass, the wild flax, the nodding wild rose and panic-grass, weaving them into groups for painting or pressing, and wondered of the secrets buried in the soil beneath their roots.

Ere the days began to cloy, we were told that an encampment of The Grand Army would soon gather on this Reservation, and we determined to remain to view the city of tents spread below the sacred quarry. When the stormy arches consecrated to the *genii* of the grotto rang with drum and fife and battle-cry, as veterans of the war marched over hundreds of Indian graves in the presence of thousands of spectators, on grand dress-parade; or the cavalry skirmished on the plain beyond, our sensations were at white heat. Here three races were brought together. Around the huge camp-fire at night floated jest, campaign song and story. Here sang a band of sweet-voiced negroes, alternately carrying the crowd by storm with their weird and pathetic airs, or convulsing with comic melody and gesture, contrasting strangely enough with the cold, proud, silent, even stolid demeanor of the red man, standing aloof

in disapproval, and viewing from afar these signs of conquest and all the paraphernalia of civilization. The fact that the Indian in his native state is not known to make sweet music is a curious comment on the race. For the negro, the white man had purchased freedom with his

blood; and these unite in a common impulse of enthusiasm over "Father Abraham." But the red man he had swept from sea to sea. On the morrow they had folded their tents and passed silently away, leaving "the blood-red mystic stone" to "the white usurper."



THE OLDEST LIVING SIOUX INDIAN OF TO-DAY.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF EPITAPH LITERATURE.

IN an article on this subject which appeared in *Chambers's Journal* a few years ago, many instances were given of the epitaphs common before clergymen began to exercise supervision over the church-yards of their parishes. Most of the epitaphs quoted set at defiance every canon of orthography, grammar, and metre, not to speak of the decency which one expects to find in such places; and the writer referred with satisfaction to the vast improvement which has taken place since the beginning of the century. This improvement, among other reasons, may explain the fact that, as far as England is concerned, there is little that is new to be written. But those from our side of the Atlantic, bearing, as they do, many characteristic marks of their origin, may be read with more interest. But all, British or American, are such curiosities of this kind of literature that no apology is needed for bringing them before the public.

During the whole of last century, epitaph-making seems to have been the special and favorite vocation of doggerel-mongers, and doubtless it was so as far back as people had the small amount of education necessary to compose such lines as the following, which, according to a newspaper of 1838, were then to be seen at Liverpool:

This humble stone is raised to JULIAN TREE,
Who, in 1776, died in direst poverty:
Unloved by daughter, wife, or friend,
He went his way unto the end.—R. I. P.

In the same place was another, shorter and more pithy, and expressing a truism which is too well known to be worth commemoration in distich-form, but which, perhaps, for that very reason, was in special demand with the epitaph-makers of the last century:

In Memory of JAMES BROWN.
"All men must die," and so did he
Who lies beneath—in 1703.

The inscription on one Samuel Hearne and his wife is told in smoother verse—if

it can be dignified by any such name—but its tone is much the same as the above. It runs:

SAMUEL HEARNE, a man was he,
Who lived through youth and age to be
Full ninety years of age and more,
Before he died in 1804.
His wife survived him many a day,
In '21 being called away;
And now they here together rest
And moulder into silent dust.

In contrast to the long life of Samuel Hearne was that of Mary Thompson, buried in a London churchyard, whose pathetic story is told by her epitaph:

Here buried lies in Mother Earth
The mortal shell of one
Who wished before her life's decay
That it was nearly done,
And so she faded right away
Without Disease's "Ay" or "Nay."

More tragic was the fate of Thomas Ramage, of Hull, who died, presumably of hydrophobia, in 1824:

"Let sleeping dogs lie" is a proverb that's true,
As he who lies under has cause to tell you,
For he woke one that slept, who bit him in rage,
And he died of his wound, did THOMAS RAMAGE.

In a graveyard in another part of Yorkshire may be read an inscription of a different kind, but one in which the sentiment, though heard often enough even at the present day, is rather ambiguous and enigmatical:

Under this tablet rests in peace
A man, JOHN JENKINS JONES,
Whose death to him was a release—
Also to Widow Jones,
Who now to him erects this stone,
In mem'ry that she's left alone.

Upon another member of the great Jones family, who may or may not have been a relation of the John Jenkins above mentioned, the following lines are said to stand as an epitaph, but the locality is unknown to us:

Here lies old EBENEZER JONES,
Who all his life collected bones,
Till Death, that grim and bony spectre,
That all-amassing bone collector,
Boned old Jones so neat and tidy.
That here he lies, all *bona fide*.

Much of the same character is a glowing eulogium upon a Dublin lawyer of the name of Alexander Gray, who was apparently a *rara avis* of a legal practitioner, if we are to trust the common belief that honest lawyers are as few and far between as the proverbial angels' visits. He died in 1798, and his epitaph said:

Of ALEX. GRAY
Let no man say
That he was either black or gray
For though his life
Was spent in strife,
It was as open as the day.
In all his ways
White as the Grays,
He lived an honest lawyer.

Another epitaph of the same kind, punning upon the name of the deceased, is that on the great-grandfather of John Wesley—John White, a celebrated Puritan lawyer, and one of the members of Parliament actively opposed to Charles I. Clarendon says of him: "He was a grave lawyer, but notoriously disaffected to the Church." According to Tyerman, in his *Life of Samuel Wesley*, he died on the 29th of January, 1644, and was buried in the Temple Church, where a marble stone was afterward placed upon his grave, with this inscription:

Here lyeth a John, a burning, shining light,
His name, life, actions, were all WHITE.

Sharing with the above the weighty association of history is the epitaph upon John Hatfield, the Keswick impostor, well known in connection with the Buttermere Mary mentioned by Wordsworth in his *Prelude*. The story of Hatfield's crimes and punishment is too long to be told here, and may not besides, be unknown to our readers. He was executed at Carlisle and buried in St. Mary's Churchyard there, where the following epitaph may still, for all that we know to the contrary, be read on his tombstone

Our life is but a winter's day:
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay,
And are full fed;
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out his day;
He who goes soonest has the least to pay.

The same epitaph is also to be seen in Stirling Churchyard, but it is impossible to say which of them is the original.

Of inscriptions which have never really served as such we have a good instance in the story of a potter and an itinerant musician, who, meeting at a country inn and discussing epitaphs, proposed that each should furnish one for the other. The musician, after some deliberation, produced the following for the potter:

On earth he oft turned clay to delf,
But now he's turned to clay himself.

The potter followed suit with this for the musician:

In beating time his life was passed.
But time has beaten him at last.

Like these, as far as its purpose is foreign to that for which epitaphs are generally supposed to be written, is the one to be seen in an American graveyard:

Here will lie MR. JAMES JONES; at present he lives and carries on his shoe business at 150 Franklin Street.

Somewhat similar, and even more distinctively transatlantic, is our next, for the authenticity of which, however, we do not vouch:

This stone is erected to the memory of THOMAS LAING, who died on July 13th, 1880, by his son Ulysses G. Laing, who now carries on his business with the same public-spirited enterprise at the Bonanza Cyclopean Stores, Bond Street; see advertisements in the daily papers.

This reminds us of a Parisian inscription which, freely translated, runs:

To the everlasting Memory of MARIE FERRY.

The railing around this grave is the handiwork of her bereaved husband, Pierre Ferry, Blacksmith, who will execute all orders of a similar nature with cheapness and despatch.

A slight confusion of meaning is discernible in another inscription, bearing a scriptural text, which may be seen in the cemetery at Peshawur, India. It is only charitable to suppose that it was drawn up by others than the deceased's professional brethren:

Sacred to the Memory of the Rev. ———, Missionary, murdered by his *chokidar*.—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Scarcely less malapropos is the oft-quoted epitaph on husband and wife:

Here lies the body of JAMES ROBINSON and RUTH, his wife.—“Their warfare is accomplished.”

And in a sequestered Californian burial-ground, far from the haunts of men, a stone was recently discovered, bearing the simple explanation:

To SAMUEL CONSTABLE.

“After life's scarlet fever, he sleeps well.”

Probably unique in its way is the epitaph of George H. Churchill, in that it is that of a suicide, composed by himself. He ended his life by taking poison at San Francisco a few years ago—his reasons for taking the fatal step being ill-health and inability to work. In a letter to the coroner he said: “It takes money to live, and it requires work to get money; and I am unable to work, too proud to beg, and not smart enough to steal. I am absolutely compelled by the unfortunate circumstances in which I am placed to end a life which has become a burden to me.” Appended was the epitaph which he wished placed upon his tombstone:

Here unfortunate CHURCHILL lies
Nobody laughs, nobody cries;
Where he's gone, how he fares,
Nobody knows, nobody cares.

The neighboring State of Oregon contains an epitaph of a slightly different character from that of Churchill's, to an unnamed person with the sobriquet of “Whisky Jim,” who had died there in the early days of its settlement. It is such as one would hardly expect to find in the Western society of those days, and is as follows:

In the green shades of which the poets sing,
When this old world has had its earthly fling,
You'll find the spirit, if *you're* there, of him,
To whom this stone is raised—we called him
WHISKY JIM.

He died in 1853.

Further east, close to one of the prairie telegraph stations of the Pacific Railway, but apparently placed there years before the making of that road, is a stone bear-

ing an inscription of more pretension than the above. It is evidently the work of a man of some education, and probably, judging from the way in which it is turned, an Englishman. It says:

Stranger! when passing, pause you here,
The rough and ready grave of FRIER,
The best and bravest, first and last,
Of pioneers of Yankee caste,
Who came, 'tis said, from far-off Maine,
And passed away without pain.
An honest man; could read and write;
Knew how to get both sup and bite
By trapping, farming, building, or
Teaching the youths his learned lore;
Could handle gun like a frontier man,
And hit his mark as only such can;
And now that you his virtues know,
We only add that he lies below.

The following on Lem. S. Frame commemorates the same qualities:

To LEM S. FRAME, who during his life shot eighty-nine Indians, whom the Lord delivered into his hands, and who was looking forward to making up his hundred before the end of the year, when he fell asleep at his house at Hook's Ferry, March 27th, 1843. He was married thrice, and had fifteen sons and daughters, all of whom are now alive. After the strifes and cares of this world, may he rest in peace!

Even more remarkable are other two epitaphs of the same kind, the first of which is said to be upon a tombstone in the city of Sacramento:

Here is laid DANIEL BORROW, who was born in Sorrow, and Borrowed little from Nature except his name and his love to mankind and hatred to redskins; who was, nevertheless, a gentleman, and a dead shot; who, through a long life, never killed his man except in self-defense or by accident; and who, when he at last went under, beneath the bullets of his cowardly enemies in the saloon of Jeff Morris, did so in the sure and certain hope of a glorious and everlasting Morrow.

The other, which belongs to a Nevada burying-place, is such a noteworthy achievement in this line that it may fitly conclude our compilation of a few of the curiosities of epitaph literature:

Sacred to the Memory of HANK MONK—the Whitest, Biggest-hearted, and Best-known Stage-driver of the West; who was kind to All and thought Ill of None. He Lived in a Strange Era, and was a Hero; and the Wheels of his Coach are now Ringing on Golden Streets.

THE UNFORGIVING MAN.

BY ROBERT N. STEPHENS.

AN unshaven man, with a brazen manner but a frank look, swaggered up to me as I was going home from the newspaper office at three o'clock in the morning, and said:

"I beg pardon, young fellow, but have you got a few cents to spare? I'm dead broke."

I stopped and scrutinized him. His hard gray eyes met mine squarely. Every newspaper man is used to rebuffing street beggars. But there seemed to be something indomitable in this one's personality, and my interest was aroused.

"What do you want it for?" I asked.

"That depends on how much it's going to be," he replied. "If you make it a quarter, it'll go for a plate o' soup and a bed. If it's fifteen cents, a sandwich and a drink o' real whisky. I'll do without the bed and take a bench in the public square."

"You're out of work?"

"Sure!" he answered, smiling at the apparent ignorance displayed in the query. "I wouldn't be touchin' you for stuff ef I had a regular income, would I?"

"Would you work if you could get a job?"

He leaned against an electric-light post, and thrust his hands into the pockets of his dilapidated trousers. I observed signs of character in his seamed forehead, his large ridged nose, and the firm structure of that part of his face surrounding his mouth.

"Well, I guess, yes," he said. "But I don't s'pose any one's liable to want a fellow in these clothes. What do you think about it?"

"I haven't begun to think about it yet. What can you do?"

"Anything. Chiefly set type. I'm a tramp printer from the West—the 'wild and woolly West'!"

"I thought good compositors could easily get work."

"I suppose you know that because

you're a reporter—see, I'm a better reader of a man's occupation than you are, aint I? Well, you're right. He can, if he's a union man. But I'm not. So I'm not in it."

"But I know the foreman of a non-union office. He eats and drinks where I do at night, and just to see what comes of it I'll give you a note to him."

The man simply stared at me for a while. Then he straightened up and said:

"You take me by surprise. But you think I don't want to work, maybe! Well, I'll show you. Just send along that note, will you?"

"Come over to the post-office. I'll write it there. Meanwhile, here's the quarter we spoke of a while ago."

"Thanks. Call it a loan, will you?—and come and have a drink with me. I don't need the bed, anyhow. These August mornings are good for out-door sleeping."

I declined his invitation, but gave him the note and my address. He was taken by the foreman as a substitute the next day and was made a regular compositor three weeks later. In course of time he sent me a quarter by mail, in payment for the loan.

In that way I met the unforgiving man. He was a person of perhaps forty years, tall, large of bone, angular; with limitless coolness, amounting almost to impudence; possessing a harsh voice, and having a swaggering kind of walk. One could see at a glance that his experiences had been many and of unusual quality.

One night in September I was passing through a public square on my way home. The trees threw queer shadows upon the spread of electric light that mantled the grass and the asphalt walks. Upon a bench sat a man smoking a pipe. His arms were stretched along the back of the bench. He was loose-jointed and comfortable.

When he saw me he took his pipe from his mouth and said, in an easy tone:

"Hello, youngster!"

By his voice I recognized the unshaven man. After returning his salute, I sat down on the end of the bench. He had stopped on his way from his work to the cheap boarding-house of which he had become an inmate.

We talked for a time about the amount of money he was able to make weekly by reason of his rapidity as a type-setter. Presently conversation lagged. In the pause, the man began to hum a tune. Then in a rough baritone voice, which he restrained in volume to little more than a loud whisper, he began to sing the words to which the tune belonged:

"For your best friend to-day is your Judas to-morrow!"

sang the unshaven man. He gave a reckless swing to the tune, which enhanced its melodious bitterness. It was a sardonic air, with an infectious tune-fulness and abundant possibilities of expression. Its buoyancy and vibration caught me, and soon I, too, was singing it in a subdued tone.

"I've heard that before," I said. "I wonder where."

"A girl sang it at a variety theatre up there a couple of weeks ago. I like that one line. It's full o' meat."

And, waving his pipe in harmony, he sang again:

"For your best friend to-day is your Judas to-morrow!"

"What rot!" I commented. "It's like most variety theatre songs."

The man looked at me for a moment and then uttered one note of laughter, which made his shoulders shrug. In that laugh was expressed the indifferent contempt of the experienced for the unsophisticated.

"What a lot we little children know about life!" he said, quietly, as he crossed one leg over the other and swung his foot like a pendulum.

One thing prevented me from resenting his remark. I divined beneath the

surface of this man a buried treasure—a story.

I brought it to light in due time. His gratitude for the interest I had shown in him was greater than I had thought it. To repay me he yielded up the story. He said that I might use it after his departure, which he intended to take upon his having saved fifty dollars. He made me promise not to put his name into the telling of the tale. That is why I call him merely the Unforgiving Man. He went away some weeks ago. I can repeat his own narration, for I recorded it while his words were fresh in my memory.

He talked without looking at me. His gaze was fixed upon the space directly before his face as if he saw the past there. He held his pipe in his right hand. His voice was rasp-like from much strife and weather and drinking.

"I suppose you've been taught to believe," he said, "that it's right to love your enemies and forgive those who injure you. Well, perhaps it is and I've done wrong. Suppose we let that pass."

"If you often go to variety theatres you've heard the song, 'He was a Pal of Mine.' Haven't you? Of course. It's one o' those English pieces supposed to be sung by a man, but generally sung by a girl; a serio-comic, they call her. Well, I never hear that tune without thinking of how Harry Baxter and I used to be when we were kids. We lived next door to each other in New York, were in the same classes at school, and were graduates together on the same day."

"I had some education, though you wouldn't think it from my talk. But I know more grammar than I speak. Oh! I used to be a neat sort of a chap—but that was then."

"Baxter and I—of course his real name wasn't Baxter any more'n mine's what you think it is—Baxter and I stood by each other till we were men. You've heard that other song, of course:

"We were comrades, comrades,
Ever since we were boys;
Sharing each other's sorrows,
Sharing each other's joys."

"But there was one thing I kicked against sharing with Harry, and that was my sweetheart. I met Mary Hudson first, and I was the one she—she cared for, and Harry Baxter had no right—excuse me, I can't think of it yet without a rush of blood to the head.

"Mary was the brightest-natured girl I ever met, and the tenderest-hearted, too. She was the daughter of an old friend of my mother's, and when she was left quite alone in the world, with a little bit of income from the rent of a house she inherited, she came to board with us. There was only my mother and me, you know. God knows, if there never was a lovelier girl than Mary, there was never a sweeter woman than my mother! If I'd only known in time how much I ought to've prized a home that was made a heaven by those two women!

"But I was like all the kids. I wanted to get around and see life. I was crazy about the West; so was Baxter; and when we were both twenty-two, we decided to go there and see what we could get out of it. We meant to make fortunes in the cattle business or in mining and then come back and own New York.

"My voice shook some when I told my mother and Mary about it. Tears came to Mary's eyes. Mother didn't cry, then, but stood still, looking straight at me, all white in the face. I tried to laugh and to look gay and hopeful; but at that moment I wished I hadn't made up my mind to go.

"I saw Mary late that night and got her promise to wait for me and to be my wife when I'd come back. And later still, when I was in bed, mother tapped lightly on my door and came in and cried some over me, and kissed me and made me bind myself to return inside of three years. She knew it was no use trying to make me give up the idea of going.

"It wasn't till a month after that night that we went. In that month Baxter had paid more attention than usual to Mary, and he made me pretty jealous. I hadn't told him about Mary being engaged to me, and so he pro-

posed to her himself before we left." He seemed so resigned and cast down when he heard that I'd gotten ahead and won the prize, and he bore it with such a kind of patient sadness that Mary couldn't help pitying him. On that account she treated him rather more tenderly than she should have treated a man she wasn't engaged to. It was all her kind heart, I know, but I couldn't stand it at the time. And the end of it was that when Baxter and I started away I'd broke my engagement with Mary. Baxter didn't say anything about it and he didn't attempt to repeat his lovemaking to Mary, but I know now how glad he must have been in the bottom of his soul.

"It wasn't a happy parting we had at the ferry station when Harry and I went away. Mary's eyes were all swollen, and she gave me a look full of pleading, hoping I'd say something about our quarrel and make it up. But I was too proud, and waited for her to speak first about it, and I pretended to be light-hearted and gay. So the last moment came, when we had to catch our boat for the railroad station in Jersey City. I shook hands with Mary and said 'good-bye' lightly, and kissed my mother, who pressed her lips again and again on my forehead and whispered to me: 'Remember, only three years!' Then Baxter shook hands with them both, and we two went through the gate, leaving the women behind. We looked back and saw them in the crowd, trying to smile, Mary waving her handkerchief and mother holding up her hand. Then the crowd got between them and us—and I never saw their dear faces again."

The voice of the man broke here, and he did not speak again for a half-minute. Tears glistened upon his cheeks in the electric light.

At length he resumed:

"We took all the money we could raise on what had come to us from our fathers. In my case that wasn't much. Baxter was almost as poor as I was, but he was sure of a big haul some day when his uncle should die. He always used to say that I needn't worry, he'd look out for me if I ever got on my uppers.

And I'll say this for him yet, he never was mean with money. There was only one thing in the world he was capable of robbing a man of—but that comes later. He was a good-looking youngster—tall and straight—about the same build as I was then. He had black curly hair and black eyes, and a neat, straight black moustache and a clean-cut face. He never raised his voice high nor spoke loud, and he generally had a pleasant kind of smile. But it doesn't do me any good to think how he used to look.

"We got right into the hell that Leadville was in those days, and we liked it. We weren't tender-feet long. We enjoyed the fun so much, the drinking and the shooting and the lawlessness, that we stayed there, spending our money, for four months, before we began to look around for a chance. The excitement turned our heads, and in all that time I wrote only two letters home, although I got six from my mother.

"But I got disgusted with it at last. I had a night of repentance, thinking over my past, and how my mother off in New York was praying for me and counting the days till those three years would be up. And then my heart went back closer than ever to Mary, and before I fell asleep I wrote long letters to both mother and her. I asked Mary to forgive me and to make her promise over again; for now more than ever I knew how much I loved her and how I wanted her to be my wife. I was tired of the West, I wrote, and if she'd say the word I'd start back for home the next day and marry her and make my way in good old New York.

"Baxter had written a letter to his uncle and I met him as he was going to mail it the next day. I told him about the letters I'd written and showed him the one to Mary. He looked a bit queer at first; then he laughed at me for being sickened so soon.

"'But if you're bent on it,' he said, 'why, don't let me keep you from going back. Let me have your letters. I'll mail them with mine.'

"I gave him the letters and said:

"'Oh! if she doesn't answer yes, I'll

stay here. I told her it all depended on her.'

"I waited a month for an answer, but I didn't get one. Neither did I hear from my mother. It broke me all up that Mary paid no attention to my letter. So I began to lead a wild life again. Soon I was so near broke that I couldn't have gone East, anyhow, without raising some money first. I began to get anxious about that fortune I was to make, and I tried to induce Baxter to shake Leadville and come down with me to the Ute Reservation to prospect for silver. He said he didn't want to come just yet; but he'd met a young fellow named Rawlinson who was looking for a partner to go mine-hunting. And the end of it was that young Rawlinson—a red-cheeked, blue-eyed kid from Philadelphia—and I started off one morning for the Reservation with our outfit and pack mules, leaving Baxter in Leadville. We were to begin work as soon as we should strike silver; and when we should find a cinch, one of us was to come back for Baxter, as he supplied the money for our outfit.

"We'd both learned a lot about mining in Leadville. We got down into that wild White River country, which is full of rocks and savage Indians and sava-ger white men that'd as soon shoot you as look at you. We prospected and prospected. We struck the stuff at last and began to dig and blast for a tunnel. We were going into the side of a mountain, so we didn't sink a shaft, but started a drift on the level.

"I did most of the work. Poor little Rawlinson got thin and hollow-cheeked, and he was afraid in the awful loneliness at night; but he did the best he could, for he wanted to get the debts of his family paid off and provide for his parents in their old age.

"I don't know whether it was his fault or mine that there was a weak spot in the timber-work of our tunnel. One day when we'd got in about eighty feet I lighted a fuse for a blast and came back to a jutting about twenty feet from the mouth, so's not to get hurt by the explosion. Rawlinson was more careful,

for he ran all the way out to the open air.

"'You'd better come out here!' he said, sticking his head into the mouth of the tunnel. I looked at him and laughed. I didn't dream it was the last time I'd ever see his thin baby-face. The blasting powder exploded inside, and everything became dark around me. I heard a sound of sliding rocks and running earth and a muffled crash of timber between me and the tunnel's mouth. Then I was in darkness and silence. The blast had loosened the timber, and the tunnel had caved in. I was buried in there. I remembered that it was after sunset and night was coming on, and I wondered if Rawlinson would be too scared at being alone in the darkness to keep his head and dig me out.

"What the poor youngster did I don't know. When I'd dug myself out and struck the cool fresh air, as I was just about to die of suffocation and fatigue, he wasn't there. I can't tell how long or how hard I worked with a pick and a shovel to dig through the small rocks and timber and loose earth out of that grave. I had to carry all the stuff back further into the tunnel to make a passage. When I got out at last, I fainted, and I was like a dead man for hours, I guess. It took me five times as long to get back to Leadville as to come from there. I'd had enough of mining. I was a bursted wreck when I got to the town. Young Rawlinson had arrived there some days before, a crazy skeleton. They showed me his grave.

"The first thing I did at Leadville was to ask for Baxter. They told me he he'd gone away the day after Rawlinson had got into town. He hadn't left me a message, because, from what Rawlinson had told him, he'd thought I was dead. There'd been letters for me, but he'd taken them with him.

"I fell sick at the hotel before I had time to write to my mother, and I stayed in bed there for two months, not lifting a hand, but running up a bill that I've never paid. Some friends I'd made there—rough chaps that liked my ways and would have shot me or knifed me if

they hadn't—looked after me. When I got up I tried to find something to do to earn enough to take me back East. I wasn't worth much for a while, but the fellow who ran the printing office there took me in, and that's where I learned to set type. I wrote home to my mother often after that, but never got an answer. Neither did I hear a word about Mary or Baxter. I stayed West another year, and then I started for home. It was a beautiful day in July when I turned my face East.

"I was a tough-looking customer when I got to New York. No one knew me on account of my whiskers and the slouchy walk I'd picked up and the old-man look on my face. I didn't stop to introduce myself to any of my former acquaintances that I met. I was anxious to see my mother and Mary.

"When I got to our old house I saw the windows and doors boarded up and the sign 'for rent' on the wall. The people in the house next door were out of town for the summer. It wasn't the kind of welcome home I'd looked forward to.

"I sat down on the steps to rest and think. After awhile along came some one I was glad to see, our old servant, Susan. She didn't believe her eyes and ears when I first spoke to her and held out my hand. Then she said, 'So you're not dead, after all?'

"'Certainly not,' I said; 'who told you I was?'

"'Why, Mr. Baxter did. And your mother didn't live three months after she heard it.'

"I needn't tell you how I took that. When I came to myself I asked her where Mary was.

"'She and her husband are at Newport,' she said.

"'Her husband?'

"'Yes—Mr. Baxter. He told her how you died in his arms from being struck by the falling roof of a tunnel; and how your last words to him were: 'Tell Mary I leave her to you. Make her a good husband.'

"'What!' I yelled. 'He said that?'

"'Yes,' Susan answered. 'So she

took him, mostly for your sake, after your mother died, and she hired me. But her husband and I didn't get along well together, and he sent me away.'

"'But if she loved me,' I asked, 'why didn't she answer my letter? If she'd done so, I'd have come back at once and I wouldn't have gone off silver mining or have lost my happiness and my mother.'

"And Susan answered like this:

"'She never got a letter from you. Neither did your mother. Maybe some came after she died. But Miss Mary wrote you three. She told me so. She begged you to forget what she'd said and to come back to her.'

"'I never got them.'

"'And she never got yours.'

"'I gave it to Baxter to mail.'

"'Then Baxter must have got the ones she sent you.'

"'There's a song that an English girl sings. It goes: *'Playmates were we!'* Whenever I hear it I feel like I felt about Baxter after that talk with Susan. The last thing I said to her was:

"'So they spend their summer in Newport?'

"'Yes,' she said. 'He's rich now. His uncle died soon after he and Mary were married.'

"'From that night, I was what you see me now—a tough. I got work in printing-offices once in awhile, but I couldn't stick to it. As fall came, I liked to spend most of my time in the streets, looking for some one.

"'One night I saw him, with several other men, having a high old time in a café.

"'I walked right in, with a smile, and I held out my hand. He didn't see me till I was close to him. He was laughing at a joke of one of his friends, and he was holding a glass of wine in his hand.

"'Hello, old partner,' I said. 'Any letters for me?'

"'He turned pale and his eyes seemed to bulge out of his head. He looked for a second as if his heart had stopped beating. Then he said to me, coolly:

"'I don't know you. What do you want?'

"'I want a letter for me that you forgot to deliver,' I said. 'Come, hand it over!'

"'He looked me square in the face, and his friends examined me, too, in a haughty kind of way, as if I was—just what I appeared to be—a tramp. Then he motioned to a waiter, and said:

"'Have this person put out! He's annoying us.'

"'That's what raised the devil in me. I drew back to knock his head off, but two waiters caught me and hustled me away and turned me over to a policeman. As I went out the door, I turned and shouted back to him:

"'You don't know me, perhaps! But sometime when we meet I'll introduce myself.'

"'I spent the night in a station-house cell. It was my first experience in that sort of lodging-house—but not my last.

"'I kept looking for him after that, but I couldn't run across him in New York. I often waited near his house—I found out where he'd moved when he'd married—but I never saw him or her there. He must have left town suddenly and taken her with him.

"'So, after picking up a living one way or another through that winter, without taking the trouble to let any of my other friends know I wasn't dead, I became a *bona fide* tramp the next summer. Sometimes I rode on freight cars, sometimes I walked. That's how one evening after dusk I happened to be sitting on the top of a high embankment by a railroad near a certain mountain resort, where a good many New Yorkers go in summer.

"'It was a warm starlit night, and it was so pleasant on the grass at the top of the bank that I was thinking of going to sleep there after finishing my pipe. I'd jumped off a freight train to stretch myself and to touch a farmer for supper. My digestion was good and I lay there on my back, looking at the lights of the big hotel further up the mountain, and thinking I was just about as comfortable for the time being as any one in that hotel. All at once I heard footsteps near me on the sod. I looked around and saw one of the guests of the hotel out

alone for a walk, smoking his cigar. He didn't notice me and he walked to the edge of the bank to look down at the railroad just beneath.

"A kind of long steady clanging sound rose from the steel rails. That was made by a train coming, but still far away. It would pass by on the track nearest the bank. By and by I could hear its rumble, then a short whistle, warning away any one who might be down in the gully between this bank and the one on the other side of the railroad. Then the headlight came into view, and I could see the sparks from the smoke-stack.

"I got up to watch the train pass below the bank. I came right alongside the hotel guest. Before he saw me I knew him—Harry Baxter, the man who had kept the letters that would have prevented me from going down into the White River country; the man who had indirectly caused my mother's death, and who had stolen my sweetheart; the man whose work had made me what I'd become, the Judas who had been my best friend!

"The idea came into my head all at once. I didn't have a half minute to think over it. It simply controlled me, owned me.

"I sneaked up behind Baxter and clutched him, my left fingers around his neck, my right one at his belt. I forced him to the ground and I hissed into his ear:

"'Old fellow, do you know me now?'

"He spoke my name in a voice of terror. The sound was drowned by the roar of the locomotive. The fast express-train came dashing along with a thunderous noise. I saw the big round headlight brightening up the track in front of it. I could have shoved my man over the edge of the bank and he would have dropped to the track below. The engine would have struck him and knocked him forward, like a boy kicking a foot-ball.

"But I didn't.

"For suddenly there sounded in my ear, not from without but from within, from my memory, the voice of my mother, and it said over again, as she

had said once when Harry and I were boys together, and had been quarreling over a game of marbles: 'The one who is in the right can afford to let the matter pass, for the one who is in the wrong will have the shame of it in his heart.'

"This did not seem to come to me in separate words, but all at once, as if the meaning of the sentence were conveyed in a single sound, and yet every word seemed to be there as uttered in my mother's voice. Of course, it was the situation, my having raised my hand in enmity against Baxter, that brought back these words, spoken years before when we were in boyish combat. Instantly I reasoned out the proper thing to do—when people reason instantaneously, it isn't called reasoning, but that is what it is, all the same. I reasoned that to kill Baxter would simply imperil me and put an end to the self-reproaches and the self-despairing that surely tormented him and torment him yet. The greater revenge was to let him live, to let him know that he had been in my power and I had spared his life. But it was no more because of this than because my mother's words made me think how horrified she would have been at the deed I was about to do that I held back on the verge of the bluff. These considerations deadened my impulse of slaughter and restored me to perfect calmness.

"I stood still, not relinquishing my hold upon Baxter, while the train, as it thundered past below us, made the earth tremble; and when it had gone by and the noise of its going began to fall, I dragged the man from the edge of the precipice and pushed him from me, without a word but with a contemptuous puffing of breath through my lips.

"I kicked toward him his cigar, which he had not let drop until he had found himself safe, and he mechanically picked it up and replaced it in his mouth. He looked at me in a hang-dog manner as he adjusted his coat, which I had put in some disorder. I waited silently for him to ask my forgiveness, which I would have had the pleasure of refusing to grant. But he did not ask it; he merely said 'Thank you,' and then he turned

and hurried away, back toward the hotel with the lighted windows.

"I stood looking after him for awhile, and then I lay down on the grass and enjoyed the moonlight and the stars. I have not seen him since, and I have not forgiven him. A man is excusable for a

good deal when he does it on account of a woman. But he oughtn't to betray his friend."

The unforgiving man refilled his pipe, lighted it, and blithely whistled the tune of the bitter refrain that he had found so full of meaning.

A QUESTION OF DIVORCE.

AS STATED BY HANNAH BLODGETT SPINSTER.

BY JAMES C. PURDY.

WELL yes, girls. I suppose it might be called a romance in a small way. If Susannah Warren had come as near to marrying the young man, as the young man came to marrying her, she certainly wouldn't be an old maid to-day.

The match was broken off in the oddest way anybody ever heard of. Before that she had been vowing that nothing on earth could prevent her marrying him. After that she vowed that nothing on earth could induce her to marry him. And yet they were just as much in love with each other as they had ever been.

They are yet, for that matter. He still goes courting her just as he used to, thirty years ago; and she would be dreadfully disappointed if he stopped coming. She is a little, dried-up, old-fashioned, notional woman of rather more than middle age, who doesn't look as though she had ever given a thought to any man in existence. He is a steady, respectable old bachelor, who never had a thought of marrying any woman but Susannah in the whole course of his life.

He is waiting for her to change her mind. And what do you suppose she is waiting for? Why she is waiting for that respectable old bachelor—to get a divorce! Neither of those things are likely to happen, so they seem doomed to be old maid and old bachelor to the end of their days.

You have seen Nehemiah Stockwell. He is Justice of the Peace and Notary Public here. He lives in that pretty house at the corner of the lane and the main street, nearly opposite the old

tavern. He has his office in the parlor. That is the house he expected to have Susannah preside over. His father left it to him just as it is. Nehemiah has the rheumatism in his right leg now, and limps pretty badly when he walks.

Well, that limping Justice of the Peace is the hero of this little romance. Thirty years ago the rheumatism didn't trouble him in the least. He was a sturdy, well-set-up young fellow, as handsome as a picture. He had no really bad habits; he had a good head for business; and altogether he was as likely a young man as any girl need want, or as any father need wish for his daughter.

He was an only child, and his father had left him well-off money-wise. He had started in business in a well-stocked store down at the corner of the Main Street and Oak Tree Road. Indeed there was not a more promising young man anywhere about than just Nehemiah Stockwell.

Well, he fell in love with Susannah Warren. That was the most natural thing in the world, for Susannah was a very pretty girl in those days. She was small and plump, with bright blue eyes and a complexion like rose-leaves scattered over snow. I think she had the gayest laugh I ever heard in my life.

Everybody knew that those two young people were in love with each other, and everybody was glad of it; for they seemed to have been made for each other. There was only one exception. Isaac Warren, Susannah's father, had no suspicion at all of what was happening. And when he found it out he was not at all pleased.

And when he was not pleased he was very apt to let folks know it.

He was a very coarse man. It was always a mystery what Minerva Elton saw in Isaac Warren to make her marry him. She was of excellent family, Minerva was; and a thorough lady. She was just such a little, refined body as Susannah is; and people wondered that she should lower herself by marrying Isaac Warren. It was a good thing for Susannah that she took after her mother instead of her father, for he was such a boor! She got some of his temper; but that was the only thing she got from him except his money. Isaac had money, but he was as common as pig-weed.

I never knew how Isaac came to hear of the engagement. When he did hear of it he went straight to Nehemiah's store. 'Miah was waiting on a customer at the time, but that made no difference to Isaac Warren. He was in the habit of saying his say just when the spirit moved him. So he marched up to the counter and broke into the middle of the bargain:

"See here, young man," he piped out, in his squeaking voice, "I'm told that you're in the notion o' makin' love to my darter."

Well, of course, that was a trifle embarrassing. Nehemiah was not often speechless, but he was then, just for a minute.

"I—I—You—That is a subject I—I—don't care to discuss just here, Mr. Warren," he stammered at last, blushing like a girl.

"You aint called on to discuss it anywheres, Nehemiah Stockwell. I'll do all the discussin' that's needed. All you've got to do is jest to hear me talk. An' I'll do my talkin' and you'll do your hearin' right here an' right now. You'll jest please to let my gal alone. Keep away from 'er. She aint for you, nor the likes o' you. I want you to understand that right away. An' I want you to practise what I'm a-preachin' to ye."

The old man started for the door as if the whole matter had been settled once for all. I have often heard that customer (Mrs. Burrell, it was) tell about

that interview. She was dreadfully disappointed in Nehemiah at first, to see him taking those insults so quietly. The disappointment didn't last long.

Before Isaac had got to the door somebody said: "Stop!" in a voice Mrs. Burrell had never heard before. The voice seemed to come out of a trumpet. If a bullet had cut the air in front of him Isaac Warren would not have stopped in his tracks more suddenly than he did when that word reached him. And he put up his arm as people do sometimes when a flash of lightning has blinded them.

'Miah reached him almost as soon as the word did. He had leaped over the counter like a cat, and stood between Isaac and the door. He was perfectly calm; but Mrs. Burrell declared it was the most scorching bit of calmness she ever saw.

"It shall be as Susy says," 'Miah said, in a low voice. "Not as you say, but as Susy says. If *she* tells me that I am not for her, I'll never look at her again. I promise you that. But if she says what she has said before, then take care how you try to stand between us. Do you hear? You are her father, but no living man shall keep me from her—if she says what she has said before!"

He jumped over the counter again and began measuring off Mrs. Burrell's calico as if nothing at all had happened. Isaac went out of the store without another word. 'Miah didn't even look at him as he went. Mrs. Burrell opened her mouth once to say something about what had happened; but when she looked into Nehemiah's face she thought she had better not.

Well, of course, before night the whole village knew what had happened. Everybody hoped those young people might get the better of the old man; but at the same time everybody was glad of the prospect of a grand commotion. Excitements have never been any too plenty in this place.

Susannah chanced to be in Esther Haines's house when Mary Hallock dropped in there to tell about that interview in the store. Mary tried not to

tell when she found who was there, but she had said too much before she knew. So she had to tell Susannah the whole story. Susannah said never a word, but started for home right away. And Esther and Mary made up their minds from the way she looked that Isaac Warren was going to have the law laid down for him again before he went to bed that night. Susannah had his temper, and they judged that it was in good working order just then.

In a place like this everything gets to be known sooner or later, even if you whisper it in an empty room. Isaac and Susannah didn't whisper to each other that day when they talked, and in a short time all the neighbors knew just what they had said, and a good many things they had not said. Isaac was at the barn when she got home, and she went out there to settle the matter with him.

"Father, what's your objection to 'Miah Stockwell?" she asked him, never stopping to find out whether anybody else was in the barn or not.

"I object to him, an' that's enough. Haint you l'arnt yet that I object to all the Stockwells?"

"That's the only thing, is it? You hate 'Miah because you had a quarrel with his father about a fence when 'Miah was a baby. That's all, is it?"

"That's enough. Now shut up."

"Wait a minute. I've promised to marry 'Miah Stockwell, but if you had anything reasonable against him I'd give him up. You are my father, and I want to do what's right. But as it is, I'm going to keep my promise. I give you fair warning of that."

They do say that Isaac threw his pitchfork at her as she was leaving the barn. I'm sure I don't know how that is. It didn't hit her, any how. Susannah had had her say, just as her father and Nehemiah had had theirs, and she went into the house.

She went into the house, and she stayed there, too. Her father attended to that. He locked her in her room and he kept her there, just like the outrageous fathers in books and on the stage. Nobody was allowed to see her or to have anything at

all to do with her, except her mother; and her mother was a timid little body, with her spirit all broken from living so long with that dreadful husband of hers.

There was a great deal of fuss made, but Isaac Warren cared not one straw for all that so long as Susannah was on one side of an oak door and Nehemiah was on the other. And after a short time the fuss all died down. The young folks seemed to have given up the fight. Susannah would not make any promises, but her father was very well satisfied. She would come to that pretty soon, he said.

He was mistaken, of course. Such people always are mistaken. How in the world those two young folks managed to contrive an elopement under the circumstances was a mystery to everybody, but that is what they did. And it must be said that they contrived a beautiful plan. It was like a story-book.

Amos Fields, our Baptist minister, had just entered the ministry at that time. He was young, and he still had a good deal of the spirit in him that is supposed to belong to this world. He loved a good joke (he does yet, for that matter), and he loved Nehemiah Stockwell like a brother. Well, he had a very prominent part in this elopement.

The lane from the Warren homestead comes out on the Oak Tree Road. There is a clump of trees just there, and a lot of bushes grown up on both sides of the lane. When the moon isn't shining half a dozen horses and half a dozen men could stand under those trees and among those bushes, and a person passing along the road would be none the wiser. Well, these conspirators chose a night without a moon, and a night when Isaac Warren had to be away from home until pretty late.

'Miah and Amos were to be under the trees at nine o'clock with three horses, one with a side-saddle on. As soon as possible, after her mother had gone to bed, Susannah was to let herself down from her window with the help of a twisted sheet, and was to run down the lane to join the others. Then they were to ride for dear life to Logbridge, where

'Miah had a cousin living. Amos was to marry them at his cousin's house. He was to ride with them, partly because he liked the adventure, and also to be ready in case of need.

The two men and the three horses had not been fifteen minutes under the trees before the third member of the party joined them. 'Miah heard her coming, and he had her by the arm and was pulling her toward her horse before she had time to whisper a word. She did try to speak, but Amos told somebody afterward that 'Miah stopped her with a kiss as he was swinging her up to the saddle. I don't know how that is, I'm sure. There was no chance for talking after that, for in half a minute they were going at full gallop toward Log-bridge.

In a very short time they noticed that there was the sound of *four* galloping horses instead of three. One was in the road behind them. And it was gaining on them. Isaac Warren kept good horses. That was one of them pounding along the road behind the eloping party.

Isaac Warren's horse had Isaac Warren on his back. There could be no doubt of that, for they could hear his voice calling to them to stop. Instead of stopping they urged their horses to a dead run. Susannah kept her seat beautifully, and actually seemed to enjoy the wild race. But they had to see that it was a losing race. The lantern Isaac carried was swinging along the road only a little way behind them. They had not a minute to lose.

"Marry us, now!" 'Miah shouted to Amos, riding as close to Susannah as he could get.

So Amos began shouting the marriage service, and Nehemiah began shouting the responses, while Isaac came shouting on behind, forbidding the banns.

Susannah's responses had to be taken for granted mostly. They could hear her voice now and then, but what she was saying nobody could possibly make out in all that tumult. But it was not likely that she had climbed out of the window to say "no."

Amos screamed out "I pronounce you

man and wife!" just as Isaac dashed up and caught hold of Susannah's bridle.

"Take your hand off my wife's bridle!" 'Miah commanded, riding in between them.

"When ye git a wife mebbe I will!"

That was all Isaac condescended to say to his son-in-law. He turned his attention next to Susannah.

"See here, old woman! Don't you think you'd better be gittin' back home? Don't seem hardly proper for you to be out hoss-back ridin' with a passle o' young fellers this time o' night!"

"You're too late!" Nehemiah calmly remarked, in his masterful way. "You won't tyrannize over her any more now. She is my wife. We're married!"

They could see by the light of the lantern that the old man's face had a wicked grin on it. He held the lantern up so that its light fell full on Susannah. Then they knew what made him grin.

Nehemiah Stockwell had eloped with Susannah Warren's mother. She had come down the lane to let them know that Isaac had stayed home and spoiled the elopement. And 'Miah had just carried her off without giving her a chance to say a word.

"Married, hey?" Isaac remarked, with a disagreeable chuckle. "Well, old woman, I didn't think ye'd run away to commit bigamy at your time o' life!"

The two young men had not one word to say. As for Minerva, she seemed to actually enjoy the situation. Nobody believed she had so much spirit left in her.

"Now, see here, young man!" Isaac said, turning on 'Miah with a great show of fierceness. "You aint a safe person to be 'round loose! You've begun with the old woman, an' I s'pose you'll go right on marryin' all the way down through my famerly 'f I don't stop ye! Well, then, I'm *goin'* to stop ye! come on."

He turned his horse and his wife's horse toward home, and waited for the others to follow.

"Come on!" he called again. "You come, too, parson. You've got to finish this job now, an' ye've got to finish it my way!"

The two young men followed as meekly as you please. They were quite too crest-fallen to offer any objections. Nobody said a word until they were all in the Warren sitting-room. Then Isaac made a remark that caused 'Miah to prick up his ears and show some signs of life.

"Now, mother, you jest bring that gal down here, an' we'll have this thing fixed right. If I can't have my way one how I'll have it another. I aint a-goin' to have my wife 'loped with ev'ry whip-stitch!"

Susannah came back with her mother, not knowing in the least what to expect. She had no time to wonder at anything, however.

"Come here, Sue."

Her father took hold of her and stood her against the wall on one side of the room.

"Come here, young man."

He took hold of Nehemiah and stood him up beside her. Then he laid hold of Amos and stood him up in front of them.

"Now, parson, go it! Do it all over ag'in!"

Really, at that moment Isaac Warren was not half so bad as his reputation!

I suppose no woman ever did just exactly what was expected of her. Before Amos Fields had said the first words of the marriage service, Susannah cut in with a question:

"What does that mean? Who else has been getting married?"

Her father's queer manner and queer words had made her suspicious; and much as she wanted to marry Nehemiah, get married she would not until the whole situation had been explained to her.

Then she dropped Nehemiah's hand and went and stood as far away from him as she could get.

"It isn't right!" she wailed in a heart-broken way.

"What isn't right?"

"For me to marry 'Miah. He's married already!"

Then there was a fine commotion! Isaac fairly swore. Minerva cried, and Amos argued, and Nehemiah got down

on his knees and coaxed. Nothing did any good. She was breaking her heart, but she wouldn't be prevailed upon.

"You're a goose!" her mother broke out. "Do you suppose I was going to let him marry me? I said 'no' every time!"

"And she *couldn't* get married again, you know," said 'Miah, down on his knees. "She is married already, and she *couldn't* get married to-night!"

"No, but *you* could, and you did! It would be a dreadful sin for you to marry me when you are already married to my mother!"

That was her finality. They could not make her see anything ridiculous in it, either then or afterward. They tried in every possible way to move her, but she sobbed and wrung her hands and would not be moved. Her father vowed that she *should* marry Nehemiah Stockwell, just as violently as he had formerly vowed that she should not. And he made just as much impression on her now as he made then.

"I cannot!" she declared, with the tears running down her face. "I can't think of it until—"

"Until what?" 'Miah asked, on his knees again.

"Until you get a divorce from my mother!"

Well, what could anybody say to that? And that is what she stuck to. Even if it was not wicked, she declared Nehemiah Stockwell *could not* get married again without a divorce. It would not be legal. It would be bigamy. She was not going to let him commit bigamy, not if she died of grief.

And she has held on to that decision ever since. Of course, there was no divorce to be had, so there has been no wedding. They say Nehemiah looked through all the law books himself to find some way to get a divorce from a woman that never was married to him. He could not find what he was looking for, but he absorbed so much law that he is the best Justice of the Peace we have ever had.

There seems to be only one hope for those two waiting people, and that is for

Nehemiah Stockwell to be left a widower. That is just about as unlikely as the divorce. Minerva Warren is only sixty-

seven now, and her mother and her grandmother each lived to be a hundred.

But isn't it a tragical sort of comedy!

AN UGLY LITTLE WOMAN.

BY NORA VYNNE.

FELIX TENBY stood aside at the crowded barrier to give place to a little, nervous, flurried woman, who between fear of losing her train, dismay at finding herself unexpectedly in the midst of a noisy crowd, and gratitude to the courteous stranger, became more flurried than ever, got into a muddle with her change, struggled in vain to pick up the slippery ticket with cold, indifferently-gloved fingers, and dropped a shower of coppers on the ground.

"Serve you right, Don-Quixote-out-of-date," said the friend who was seeing Tenby off. "You have lost your train through your misplaced gallantry."

The ticket clerk was passing Felix a ticket under another man's arm. He had turned aside from looking after the little flurried woman and laughed.

"Thirty," he said, "and plain at that. Misplaced indeed! The women for whom we do these things owe it to us to be pretty."

She heard, and looked at him. He had not dreamt of that; he had thought she was gone, but she had just risen from picking up the last copper from under the feet of a hurrying commercial traveler, and had heard the laugh and the words. She looked at him just for a second, not angrily or scornfully as such words deserved, but humbly, deprecatingly, remorsefully almost, as if begging forgiveness for her crime of ugliness. Then she turned her little worn brown face away, and hurried on to the platform. Felix felt as if he had struck a child.

His friend hurried him on to the platform. He did not miss the train after all; it had been delayed a little in consequence of the unusual and unexpected rush of passengers. He had time to get a paper or two, and to choose a comfortable carriage—which he had all to him-

self, for the extra passengers were mostly third class; even time to say a few more words to his friend, and laugh over a message or two.

When the train had started, and he was trying to read, the worn, patient little face came back to him, and reproached him. Had there been tears in the eyes? Had he made this poor little creature cry by his vulgar brutality? After all, his words had meant careless irritation that he had, as he thought, missed his train, more than anything else. What right had he to criticise? He was thirty himself—over thirty, and nothing to boast of in the way of beauty; but, then, he was a man.

Surely it must be bad enough to be a woman without having to be an ugly one. Why had God made ugly women? It would have been just as easy to have made them all beautiful.

What makes the joy of manhood? Strength, the knowledge of what is sweet, the power to win and hold it. And of womanhood? Well, women are never quite happy, but they have their joys, too. Love, that makes the man's strength theirs—Love, that makes their weakness their pride because it serves as occasion of a lover's tenderness, the sweetness of being a thing desired—the hope of motherhood. But ugly women, what have they of all this? Good God! to be an ugly woman!

How had he come to forget? for he had known this all along: those sad patient eyes reminded him of so much.

To be an ugly woman—to feel with earliest feeling that one is a blot on a beautiful world—to understand, as soon as understanding unfolds, that one's part in life must be to watch while others enjoy, long while others attain, thirst while others drink.

To be an ugly woman—to be an ugly woman, and know it!

And thirty years old, too, thirty at least—no youth, and no beauty! An ugly woman!

Not always old, though. Once there had been an ugly child—those heart-broken eyes reminded him of it. An ugly child, pushed out of the way perpetually for her beautiful sisters—a failure, an embarrassment to her family, a superfluity. How bitter it all was!

An ugly girl! he remembered it so well, the hopelessness of it, the flat dullness. Not a clever girl either—not one who could have taken ambition by the hand instead of love, or made the beauty of art her beauty. Just a girl, with a girl's wondering curiosity of life, a girl's strange amaze at the growth of first emotions, and possibilities of emotions; a girl's love of love, a girl's sweet, impossible dreams. Presently, with a girl's strange new knowledge that one face was more to her than other faces, one voice quicker to reach her ear than all other voices, that one touch had magic in it. He remembered it all.

Yes, that morning, too, when, instead of the ordinary dawn of day, there was a new creation: the heavens and the earth were made anew, and one little thin brown girl sitting up wondering in her white bed, with a letter clasped fast in her hand, saw that they were very good.

Very good! oh! very good! Life was beautiful; the earth glorious; the heavens were very near. The letter had done it all.

It was a wonderful letter, for it said she was loved. It spoke tenderly, passionately, strongly. It told how duty called the writer suddenly away; he must leave without seeing her again, but could not leave without telling her his love. He would not be away long—a year at the most; when he came back he should claim her. And would she not write to him meanwhile? Would she not wait for him? Hold herself his, and welcome him when he returned?

Ah! would she not indeed?

And the letter spoke of her beauty! That was puzzling. The little brown

girl dropped back on the pillow and rubbed her eyes with her thin hard hand, wondering, and read the words again, again, and again many times; then smiled and kissed the letter, and held it to her bare breast. He remembered it all.

He remembered that studio in the afternoon, the pictures there, and all the while the sweet secret of that letter kept sacredly; looking at the pictures, talking of them—careless words from careless friends, "How bright you are to-day!" Ah! it was small wonder after that letter!

There was a portrait of the artist's wife among the pictures; it was the most beautiful of them all. The artist's wife stood beside it, a vapid, commonplace, empty-headed woman; not beautiful at all. The little brown girl looked from her to the portrait, alike but glorified, and smiled. "That is how we seem to the men who love us," and she pressed her hand on her bodice where the letter rested on her heart; he remembered the sharp pleasure as the rough edge of the envelope pressed against the soft flesh.

After that there had been more letters, all wonderful, all sweet and loving and hopeful. A year of delight, of love, of beauty; for the lover creates beauty by praising it. O that year! that pleasant year! how well he remembered it. And the day of triumph—the day when the lover, the creator, was to return: the neat little room, the open window, the scent of fresh-turned earth from the plowed field across the road, the laughter of the birds in the eaves, the laughter of the leaves as they rustled together! He remembered it all—the trembling lips, the breathless eagerness, the burning face, the steps on the gravel, the ring at the bell, the opening door, the suffocating joy.

"My God! it was your sister I meant."

* * * * *

Oh! it was terrible, terrible, not to be borne, and yet it must be borne; that that was the sting of it. The tears rained down his face. Remember? Could such a thing ever be forgotten? The new-created earth fell in atoms, the new

heavens vanished far out of reach; nothing was left but a little ugly woman, smiling with white lips lest the world should make a mock of her, that such as she had dared to dream of love!

And the days that followed, the long days that followed, they were so burnt into his memory that he doubted if he could forget, even in the ages of eternity, the hourly pain, and the shame of it all. The agony of watching the happy love of sister and lover; the fuss of preparation for the wedding; to sit and sew at wedding-clothes that shrouded her own love; to see her lover pouring out his love upon that careless bright girl, who had many lovers, who had not thought of him till now; to hear his friendly praise of herself as "such a sensible girl," take his careless greeting and go from the room that the happy lovers might be left together.

And the thoughtless wounding of curious friends. "Well, my dear, I must say I think you behaved very well about it. And so you gave him up? All a mistake, you say; dear! dear! what a pity! And you don't mind? Now, that's so brave of you."

So brave? yes, but to the weak courage is anguish.

Oh! the longing to end it all—to cry out "Give me one kiss, and then let me die!"

But pride forbade death, for to die was to confess her unsought love to the world, and the world always says that a woman's disappointment is her shame.

There was no choice but to endure, endure, endure—always endure.

And the dreariness of it, after the sharp agony of parting, the long pain of loneliness, the days without comfort, the years without comfort, the years without hope, the daily death of youth—youth that should die in child-bed, bringing forth to time accomplished hopes, but her youth died sterile.

And the long dull days of life at home, the drudgery of duty uncrowned by love, the thankless service to parents who cared so much less for her unselfish devotion than for the beauty and success of their more fortunate child, even when they

died, more moved by the brief shallow sorrow of the happy wife than by the long patient watchfulness of the ugly daughter.

And the bitterness of dependence in the house of that fortunate sister, the careless, tolerant pity of the man she had loved—to feel her love die in contempt, and be more desolate for the loss of it—to look on the great sorrow of her life as a thing of shame, of scorn, food for mirth rather than tears, cruel mirth; the tears were less bitter.

The shame of living where she was not wanted, a superfluity in a full life, a discredit, with her plain face and dowdy figure, in a pleasant home!

And the futile efforts to earn her own living, the bitterness of seeing the way made so easy for the young and bright and hopeful, but so hard for her; of seeing the stronger push past her, the fairer chosen before her. The tragic pain of the past was almost sweet, compared with the squalid misery of the present.

There is something in great agony that in itself strengthens us to endurance, but who can endure contempt! In the past she had been so wounded and crushed, that now every touch was agony; and no one spared her: why should they? What graces had she that should win tenderness, a little faded ugly woman, a mark for the mirth of the young and thoughtless, the dislike of the sensuous, the impatience of the strong? Nothing left her but patience, and she had grown so very weary of patience. Life would have been easier if she could have been angry, but she had no just cause for anger. What right had she to expect life to be other than bitter? the world loves beauty and youth and happiness, and she was old and sad and ugly.

The world was full of love, but not for her. The world lives on hope, and she was hopeless; the world is very beautiful, and she was a stain upon it.

"O God! to be a woman, and old, and ugly!"

It broke his heart; the pain was too great to be borne, he cried out aloud, and started in his seat.

The little brown-faced woman at the farther end of the carriage started too,

and shrank into herself; he stared at her, bewildered.

It was so tragic, the gentle pathos of her face, as if she would beg forgiveness for her very existence; as if she would cry out to him not to crush her, as insects are crushed by the strong because they are unsightly.

He passed his hand across his eyes as if to clear his sight, and looked at her, puzzled.

"May I express my deep sympathy with the very sad story you have told me?" he said.

"My story? I have told you no story. I hope I do not disturb you. I have no right here, I know; mine is a third-class ticket, but the guard put me in here last time we stopped because the people in the carriage where I was were so noisy."

"I am amazed, bewildered," he stammered; "certainly you told me your story."

The little woman had pride; she set her lips firmly, and spoke coldly.

"I do not speak of my affairs to strangers," she said; "even if they were of any interest I should not."

Her pride touched him more than all, it was so impotent, so gentle. He moved along the seat till he was opposite her, looking straight into the patient, proud, pathetic face; he spoke tenderly, gently, and with infinite reverence.

"I am sure, though you have not told me your story, that the story which has in some strange way come within my knowledge is your story, and I want to

hear the end. Do you mind telling me where you are going now?"

"I am going to be a drudge among strangers. What is it to you?"

What, indeed? A little, plain, faded woman, what did it mean that he, a man in the prime of life, handsome, rich, overburdened with friends, felt the tears rise in his eyes, and a great ache in his heart? She might well look at him in wonder. He stretched out his hands toward her, he could scarcely speak.

"I know it all," he said, "I have felt it all. You have suffered so much. You shall not suffer any more. I will make your life so bright to you if you will let me."

"I don't understand," she faltered.

"Neither do I," he cried, "neither do I, not how I know so much, or why I love you. I only know that I must take you right into my heart and keep you warm there, for I do love you!"

"Oh! no; me, impossible!"

But looking in his eyes she saw it was possible, and true, and she held out her hands, trembling, wondering, questioning. He answered the question with words that seemed to come through him, as if they were a message, and not only his own thought.

"Every human soul is lovable; we could not hold back from loving every soul on earth, could we once see it. But we cannot. Beauty hides the soul equally with deformity. To-day God has been good to me: I have seen the soul of a woman—and loved it."

TEMPTING hedge,
Daring girl,
Awkward horse,
Giddy whirl.

Dull thud,
Broken arm,
Anxious escort,
Much alarm.

Bones set,
Many hollers,
Doctor's bill
\$20.

-H. G. Adler.

RAMEAU.

(From the French.)

BY ELEANOR B. CALDWELL.

The devil in the organ of the Cathedral of Clermont, and the feathered songstress.

ONE of the most picturesque places of France is without doubt that narrow valley surrounded by high mountains where lies Clermont, ancient capital of Auvergne.

The Cathedral and two other beautiful Gothic churches rise above lines of houses; then there are hills covered with vineyards which overlook the city, deep gorges full of verdure, where mineral streams run, villages hanging on the slopes of the mountains; finally, on the farthest sight of the horizon, the high mountain of the Puy-de-Dome, describing an immense pyramid, very finely penciled on the azure of the sky.

Of all the villages which surround Clermont there is not one more charming than Royal. A rapid stream falls in a cascade in the midst of rocks where halloos the hunter; and this stream is overlooked on one side by a large hillock covered with grass upon which some high chestnut trees in halls of verdure grow. There it is that the youth of the village come to dance every Sunday to the sound of the fife, of the tambourine, and of the hautboy, which play airs of Auvergne at once careless and tripping. For example, those gignes and bourrée which for centuries have been transmitted without alteration to the rustic generations of the place.

During the whole week these beautiful rural ball-rooms remain deserted, and offer to the promenade the most refreshing and contemplative asylum.

It was upon one warm day of August that a pale and tall young man was seated under this tranquil shade. All his emaciated body thrown down at the foot of a tree seemed plunged in meditation and study; his countenance, moreover, shone with a kind of inspiration, or perhaps of

well-being, as the beauty of nature spoke to him.

He listened to the singing of the nightingales under the leaves; the distinct chant of the grasshopper, and of the cricket; and also to some old airs of the country sung by the far-away voice of a shepherd. The young dreamer listened to all these harmonies which, as an orchestra, accompanied the noise of the waters falling at his feet. He seemed, so to speak, to brand them in his heart; and, presently, tearing from the pocket of his poor thread-bare coat, a little blank-book, he traced some signs, then began to dream anew.

All at once the neighboring clock of the church of Royal arrested his dreams. Like a soldier, whom orders claim, he rose: "I have no more," said he to himself, "than a half-hour to change this coat and present myself at the Cathedral, when I had almost forgotten that Monseigneur, the Bishop, is to officiate. Oh! I was so at peace here! Yet an hour of this silence, and of this reverie, and I should have finished writing my pastoral! Just fifteen days of liberty and all the music of the opera would be finished, and it would be applauded at Paris, and the court would take notice of me, and my name would spread through all France!"

While thinking thus, he descended the gay paths of Royal, and sadly gained the village. He traversed the winding streets and presently arrived on the Place of the Cathedral. The house where the great Pascal was born and lived is situated there, and it was likewise in this house that our stroller lived. He occupied a little room on the third landing, looking upon a cold and humid court. His window opened between two turrets, of which the high spiral staircases had more than once served the purposes of the young Pascal.

He climbed the steps rapidly, and, arrived at his room, hastened to put on his Sunday coat—a little less thread-bare than the one he wore. This done, he walked with long steps about his chamber, striking his forehead with irritation: "No, no," said he, "I can no longer live thus, my vocation calls me, I ought to obey. And my vocation is not to be all my life an unhappy organist—a machinist of art! * * * I know full well that it is necessary to live, to eat, to be clothed; but I would rather submit to every misery, and obtain glory! Oh! I swear it, this day is my last day of slavery!"

While speaking thus, he rapidly descended the staircase of the tower, walked across the Place, and entered the Cathedral. He went in the direction of the little staircase which leads to the organ. Here a priest in his chasuble stopped him: "Monseigneur, the Bishop, is going to officiate, the authorities of the village assist at the religious ceremony; I pray you, my dear child, play your most beautiful sacred airs. For some time you have been negligent, and all the faithful of Clermont have been concerned about it."

"Very well, Monsieur Curé," the young organist replied, a little brusquely, "why do you not break the treaty which lies between us? You can find a better man than I—I no longer feel inspired."

"But this treaty obliges you, never will I break it," cried the Curé. "Think how, for a time, you were our glory and our joy; you will be so again; address yourself to God, pray to Him, and the inspiration will descend upon you like a charm. To-day above all, have the honor of being our Saul. I leave you, there is Monseigneur coming. Promise me that we shall be satisfied."

"Yes, yes, I promise you," murmured the poor organist, and he plunged into the dark stairway.

There, alone, and not being able to see into the church, he became, once more, the prey of his thoughts; he dreamed but of Paris, the grand opera, profane music, and swore again to break with the music sacred.

The chants of the church commenced,

and he preluded a sort of vague accompaniment, which burst out presently in an air of the danse, altogether discordant with the psalm, and astonished the children of the choir. It was a bacchanal rondo which he had composed for a director of an Italian theatre.

A chorister immediately came to tell him to stop and to play the music of the church. Then, taken with a kind of fury, he ran along the keys and made a noise like the infernal regions; one would have said that the organ boomed and that the Cathedral was about to vanish in noise overturned by a waterspout.

The assistants were terrified; the more sensible said to themselves that the organist had become mad. Some old devotees pretended that the devil had taken possession of the organ and had then made his Sabbath. The Bishop ceased to officiate, and caused the poor organist to be called. He had hidden himself in the blackest corner of the organ.

They ended by discovering him and dragged him, by force, before Monseigneur.

With sweetness, the prelate asked him what was the cause of the scandal which he had perpetrated. He replied: "It is the fault of the chapter. It reduces me to despair. For six months, I have continually solicited, but in vain, to break the engagement which binds me for two years yet to the Cathedral of Clermont. Here, Monseigneur, I can only live, Paris calls me, I ought to become celebrated there, let me go!" And in speaking thus, tears ran down his countenance, pallid and emaciated.

The good Bishop was moved: "It is not necessary to violate the heart and the intellect," said he, "that your vocation may be accomplished, this evening I will cause your engagement to be broken, and to-morrow you can depart. I will even give you letters of recommendation to some friends that I have at court, and who will protect you."

"How can I acknowledge so much generosity," said the organist, much affected, and, prostrating himself, he kissed the hands of the Bishop.

"Prove to me your gratitude, by mounting to the organ," replied the Bishop, "and in causing to be heard those divine melodies which you know so well how to bring forth, and which make the faithful of Clermont believe in the music of the angels." The organist bowed profoundly, and went to his post.

The church was still full of people, the Bishop returned to the altar, surrounded by his clergy; one felt that peace had been consummated, and each dreamed now but of prayer. The service commenced.

Insensibly, a music *saue*, and, so to speak, persuasive, spread itself like an incense. Soon the majesty of these soft harmonies expanded and accumulated; all the terrible grandeur of the Bible, all the sadness, and all the mansuetude of the gospel, was included in successive harmonies. The assistants wept with emotion. The goodness of the Bishop had touched the young organist, and his soul was in this moment inspired by all the sentiments which agitated him; he improvised a music superhuman, for art doubles our sensations, and transports them into the uncreated. It is this which makes the ideality of the great works of poets and musicians.

If it had not been for the sanctity of the place, the crowd, just irritated, would have applauded with frenzy this music so beautiful.

They wished, at least, to compliment the organist, and, for a long time, awaited him on the Place. But disembarassing himself of this ovation, he had gone out by a little door of the church which opened on the street.

Alone at last, he plunged into the country, running at random, and breathing the air with long breaths, he stopped on a height which dominated the village, and cried, full of joy: "Free! Free! Master of myself!"

Soon he came back to make a visit to the Bishop, who, with goodness, gave him the promised letters.

In the evening he made his preparations for departure, and the next day he was en route for Paris.

He made the journey gayly, half on

foot and half in the stage-carts which ran then from the provinces to the capital.

He had a little money and much hope; he lodged modestly, but nevertheless, very well for a *débutant* yet unknown on this great scene of the world.

He had made for himself a beautiful coat, and dared to present himself boldly before the persons for whom the Bishop had given him letters. Thus he was immediately received into several great houses.

In one he had the good fortune to encounter Voltaire. He sung before him several of his compositions, accompanying himself on the clavessin; and he so much charmed the poet-philosopher that the latter promised him a libretto for an opera.

From this day his fortune appeared to be made, and, in fine, all smiled upon him.

Voltaire having given the initiative, all the other poets of the time wished to write libretti for the young composer. One among them, of whom the name has remained as obscure as that of Voltaire is great, wrote for him a poem for the opera which inspired him with some admirable music. Represented before the city and the court, this work obtained an enthusiastic success, and soon the airs of the young composer became so popular that a day did not pass without hearing them repeated—maybe in the salons which he frequented, maybe by the musicians of the streets.

The poor organist of Clermont commenced to taste what is called glory. But it is very essential that young minds should understand that one arrives at glory by so much labor, by fatigue and by tribulation, that when it is attained one enjoys it but half, the heart is so full of lassitude. The artist and the poet who have dreamed of triumph in private never find the realization of the dream so beautiful as the dream itself, and sometimes struck with sadness and discouragement, they would return to solitude and to nature. 'Twas thus our young musician very often came to regret his tranquil life of Clermont, and those beautiful walks of

Royal. Then he fled from the world ; he ran into the country around Paris, or, in the evening, into the deserted streets.

One night he walked with great style into the Rue des Minimes. He saw the stars, and felt an inspiration come upon him—when, all at once, a voice fresh and vibrant, and which appeared to come from a magnificent house near, sang to him the motive of the famous chorus: *sad preparations!—pale flambeaux!* one of the morceaux of our dreamer most applauded at the opera.

Charmed and flattered at being followed into solitude by the echo of his genius, he seated himself on a bench opposite the house from whence the voice came. And as he realized that it was his own melody, he experienced an invincible desire to see the songstress who served to interpret it.

He dared not rap at the door of the house and interrogate the domestics, his timidity kept him back.

One sole window looking on a balcony was lighted. It was from thence that the voice came.

Dragged by his curiosity, at the risk of taking the skin off of his fingers and of being considered a robber, he climbed the height of the façade by catching hold of the sculptured projections. Reaching the balcony, he darted a glance, hoping to discover the woman who sung so well; he saw nothing. Only at one of the angles of the balcony was an elegant gilded cage, in which moved about a beautiful green parrot.

Disappointed, his hands bleeding and his clothes torn, the imprudent one began to descend—when, again, the voice which he had heard raised itself suddenly and repeated: *sad preparation!—pale flambeaux!*—the sounds came from the gilded

cage; the songstress was the parrot with the plumage green.

Certain of what he had seen and heard, and marveling at this magic song, our young composer vanquished his timidity, and, having descended quickly, rapped at the door of the house.

Some instants after he was brought before a young and brilliant countess, and immediately he supplicated her to sell him her parrot.

"But I adore it," replied the young woman, laughing.

"But, madam, will you not yield him at any price?"

"At no price in money—but I would exchange him."

"And against what?" replied the young man, with anxiety.

"For two melodies written by the great master who composed the airs which my parrot sung so well."

"Have you some music paper?"

"Here it is," said the lady.

The composer seated himself at a table, and traced, without hesitation, several lines of notes, then he put below his signature and his flourish. The beautiful countess followed him with her eyes: "Why, it is you, Rameau! our celebrated Rameau!" and she bowed, rendering homage to genius.

Rameau, for it was certainly he, excused himself for his hardihood, and his impertinence; the lady felicitated herself upon having been made acquainted with the amiable and brilliant composer, who so young still, was covered with glory. They talked thus some moments, then the lady gave orders to her people that they harness her equipage, that they place there softly the parrot who was asleep in the gilded cage, and that they reconduct to his house Monsieur Rameau.

A REFLECTION.

BY CHARLES KIELY SHETTERLY.

LIFE should be full of earnest work,
Our hopes undashed by fortune's frown;
Let perseverance conquer fate,
And merit seize the victor's crown.
The battle is not to the strong,
The race not always to the fleet;
And he who seeks to pluck the stars
Will lose the jewels at his feet.

CROSS CURRENTS.

BY MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

AUTHOR OF "A MIST OF ERROR," "HER INHERITANCE," "A SOCIAL SUCCESS," "KITTY'S VICTIM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

SPRING and summer had come and gone again, ten months had passed, and winter was setting in once more.

The October which was just drawing to a close had been an eminently unsatisfactory month as far as climate is concerned—which is perhaps further than many people believe—in London, and, indeed, all over England. Winter seemed to have settled in at least a month earlier than usual; all the winter amusements, as fashionable London understands the word, seemed to be a month late in putting in their appearance. The first sensation of the season—John Tyrrell's "first night"—had excited even unusual interest, coming as it did several weeks earlier than he generally vouchsafed it, and at a moment when London had nothing to talk about but the weather, a subject which allowed of little or no variety in the comments it excited.

Society had so little on its mind that it had had time to be quite excited over the news that the beautiful *protégée* of John Tyrrell's, who had made so much sensation two seasons ago, and whose first appearance had been delayed, according to the best authorities for various sensational but unfortunately irreconcilable reasons, was to make her first appearance at last, and to make it in an important part on the "first night" in question.

All that dreary October had been spent by Selma in incessant rehearsal. She and Helen were alone together again in their own little house in Hampstead. There was no more talk of a companion for them, there was no kindly Mrs. Cornish coming briskly in and out, and insisting on the observance of all, and more than all, the proprieties. Mrs. Cornish had never seen Selma since the girl had asked her leave to go with Miss Tyrrell on that December afternoon ten months before; and though Helen was always welcome

at the big house, her aunt had no more advice to give her as to her household difficulties.

Perhaps, with the exception of the two principally concerned, no one had suffered so much from Selma's most unexpected change of mind as had Helen. The grave tenderness with which Humphrey, to whom Roger had turned in his extremity of pain, broke the truth to her first of all in the house as having the first right to know it, her own incredulity, the dreadful shock of conviction, and her first meeting with Roger, had made upon her personality one of those marks which grow fainter and almost imperceptible as time goes on, but which are never to be obliterated. She had broken down utterly on seeing Roger—he and she and Humphrey alone together, with every one else in the house yet to be told—and such consolatory words as were spoken came from him, and not from her.

"I'm going off early to-morrow morning. Humphrey has arranged—something," he had said, finally, with a grateful glance at his brother. "I—I want you to—to take these—things—for her, Helen. It might—bother her if I—sent them."

He stopped abruptly, as if his control over his voice were coming to an end, and he put into her hand a little packet—the letter Selma had written to him at Liverpool, two or three presents she had given him, and the little gold heart he had found for her in the wood at Blue Rocks. He was turning away hastily, when Helen caught him by the hand.

"O Roger!" she cried, "O Roger! it can't be! She can't mean it. I'll go and talk to her. I'll—"

But Roger had stopped her.

"You're awfully good to me," he said, and his manner was at once very simple and very dignified; "but I don't want her talked to. I wouldn't have her per-

sued. It's as she chooses. Do you see?" he went on, more hurriedly. "See yourself, and tell—every one—that's it's all over; talking won't do any good, and it will only—hurt—her. Promise, Helen."

Helen had promised, and Humphrey, at his brother's order, and from his own belief that nothing but pain to Selma, or worse trouble still for both, could come from interference, had exacted the same promise from his step-mother before he took his brother away early the next morning.

Nothing could have been kinder or more affectionate than the consideration with which Mrs. Cornish and the whole household had treated Helen. Fortunately for herself she was not over-sensitive. She did not add to her pain by any fancies that their feelings toward herself might be in any way affected; but between her loyalty and devotion to her sister and her affection for the Cornishes, she had suffered more than enough. Selma had written her a little, broken, incoherent line, begging her not to be angry and not to come to her; and then about a week later another letter had come to say that she was going to Paris for the rest of the winter with Miss Tyrrell to study, and to ask Helen to come and say good-bye to her. And Helen had gone, of course, and had cried and clung to Selma, who had clung to her in return dry-eyed and very quiet.

"She looks so white," Helen had confided to Sylvia with many tears that night, "so white and so thin, Sylvia, and her eyes look so odd, as though she was always keeping something in sight. She doesn't look like Selma at all. Oh! do you think Miss Tyrrell will take care of her?"

Sylvia had been very gentle, and had soothed and reassured her as best she could; but all the time at the bottom of her heart Roger's sister felt, as it was only natural that she should feel, that it was just and right that Selma should look white and thin, and that if Miss Tyrrell did not take care of her she would have only herself to blame.

But even Sylvia, though she had grieved for Roger more keenly even than

his other brothers and sisters had done, had not been so completely outraged and implacable as her mother. In her reaction from her pride and delight in the engagement, from her pleasure in Selma's transformation, Mrs. Cornish's old distrust of the girl had returned upon her, swelled into absolute dislike. She had been so completely taken by surprise, too, and the consciousness which slowly dawned upon her that the signs of Selma's state of mind, and of the influence of the Tyrrells upon her, had been very patent, if only she had ever dreamt of their significance, irritated her still further. In her eyes—indeed, in the eyes of every member of the family, with the exception of Humphrey—there was no possible reason or excuse for Selma's conduct. She was as fickle as the wind, and there was nothing else to be said for her.

Selma had sent her aunt no definite message by Helen.

"Tell auntie—" she had begun, and there she had broken down, and Helen had held her close in her arms as she exclaimed, incoherently enough:

"I will, darling! I will!" But the message, such as it was, was never delivered. Helen's faltering words were cut short by Mrs. Cornish, not unkindly, but decidedly.

"No, Helen, my dear," she had said, "I don't want to hurt you, but we won't talk of it."

"Auntie," Helen had answered, moved by her constant, unreasoning loyalty to her sister, and by a vague, undefinable feeling which the remembrance of Selma's face stirred in her, "auntie, she—she is so unhappy. Oh! isn't it better now than later? She—she couldn't help it!"

It was the only plea she could formulate for Selma—she understood as little as did the rest of the world—but those five vague words expressed her vague sense that Selma had acted in some way or other on a mysterious but irresistible inward compulsion; and, having once uttered them, she had clung to them with might and main. "She couldn't help it." The words had been in her mind whenever she sat down to write to Selma during the months she spent in Paris, working, as

Miss Tyrrell wrote to her brother, "really ridiculously hard." She had whispered them to Humphrey on his return in February, and had received from him a grave, sad acquiescence which seemed to grant even more than she had asked for.

Humphrey had left his brother on board a steamer bound for New York. After a month spent on the Continent Roger hardly knew how or where, he had suddenly announced his intention of undertaking some business in America, on which some one had to be sent out for a year at least by the firm to which he had bound himself. In his first bewildered misery he had had an idea of getting his contract annulled, and going back to New Zealand forever; but common-sense was one of Roger's leading characteristics, and common-sense was diametrically opposed to any such proceeding. "Besides," as he argued with himself as the contemplation of his future prospects became gradually possible to him again, "it would cut up the mater." So he propounded his American plan to his brother, to whom it seemed by far the best thing to be thought of, and a brief interchange of letters and telegrams with his firm resulted in his starting from an Italian port without returning to England at all.

After his departure, and Humphrey's return alone, life had become very flat and uninteresting to the Cornishes. The excitement was all over, the chief actors in it had disappeared, and there was nothing more to be done or said on the subject, except when one or other of the girls drifted into a hot argument over her conduct with Selma's deeply grieved but always faithful ally, Mervyn Dallas; or when Mervyn or Helen indulged in a little confidential talk over her rare letters.

In April, however, Miss Tyrrell had brought Selma back to town. It was one thing in that astute lady's estimation to assist at the manufacture of a fashionable actress, with no sacrifice to yourself involved, and quite another to lose the whole of a London season in the process. She had discovered, accordingly, that Selma wanted a little holiday, and she

had brought her back to the house in Kensington, where she was to stay until her plans for the immediate future were decided upon—in other words, until she had received her orders from her master. If John Tyrrell had been the supreme authority in her life before her brief engagement had suspended his supremacy, her old submission to his words, her old trust in him were now redoubled, and, at the same time, their character had somewhat altered. She seemed to turn to him, and hold to him now as to her one sure guide and support, and it was no longer with the blind confidence of a child that she obeyed him; she gave him the deliberate confidence and well-weighted submission of a steady worker to what she thinks the highest authority on the subject to which her life is to be devoted.

John Tyrrell had watched her for two or three days, had gauged the extent of her improvement, privately lifting his eyebrows at the immense amount of work which that improvement must have involved, and he had then proposed that she should go, as a member of his company, on a short tour such as he very occasionally took in the provinces during August and September; such practical experience as she would gain in that way would make it possible, he had said, that she should make her first appearance in London in the following October in an important part. Selma had agreed to these proposals with the grave, steady consideration with which she met all matters connected with her work, and the only difficulty had then been the disposal of the months from April to August. Tyrrell had suggested, with a keen glance at her, that she needed a holiday, and she had protested impetuously against such an idea. He had thereupon become peremptory on the subject, declaring that a holiday before rehearsals for the tour began she must, and should have. She might study through April and May; but she must go away in June. To this compromise she had finally agreed; she had written to Helen to come and see her, and Helen, on hearing what had been decided on,

had at once proposed that they should go back together to their own home.

During the two months that followed, it had seemed to Helen that she and Selma were living a kind of dream counterpart of their old happy life together—a life which was like it, and unlike it with the strange, slight, but all-important discrepancies so often met with in dream-land. Outwardly everything was as it had been eighteen months before—everything except their intercourse with the Cornishes. Selma worked and studied, and Helen looked after her and the house. But the spirit of everything was changed—changed with Selma herself. Her old exuberant, radiant enthusiasm was gone, and she worked now with a steady intensity of purpose which never relaxed or altered, and about which she never spoke. The girlish light-heartedness which, in the old times, had made her as bright and impulsive in what she called “play time” as she had been impetuously intent in her working hours, had gone, too. She had grown graver and quieter as though the pain she had passed through herself, and the remorse she had suffered for the pain she had brought to Roger, had killed the youth in her. She was always sweet, and gentle, and her spirits, though they were no longer high, were very even; but she seemed to Helen to have absolutely no life apart from her work. She was always sympathetic and interested in Helen's affairs; but it was a curiously impersonal sympathy. For herself, she had not a thought or an interest in the world which was not more or less connected with her profession. And Helen, on whom the change in her sister—though it could hardly be called a sad change—weighed somewhat heavily by reason of its contrast with the familiar surroundings and routine of life, had been very glad—even while she was half afraid that the reminder, which the move brought with it, of their last summer, might affect Selma painfully—when May was over, and they went alone together to a little farm-house in the Lake district for the holiday of which Selma stood by that time very much in need.

From the time of their return to town, a month later, until the end of October, her time had become with every week more fully occupied, and she had grown more and more absorbed, first with rehearsals, then with the constant change of parts which Tyrrell gave her during the short tour, until at last her every waking thought had been concentrated to one point—the first performance of the part of which her very dreams were full, the heroine of the poetical play to be produced by Tyrrell in London on the thirtieth of October.

And now the thirtieth of October had come and gone, and the following day was drawing to its close. It was six o'clock in the evening, and Helen was standing by the pretty little tea-table in her drawing-room, making tea.

The room had lost a good deal of that curiously-mixed character which had made it so quaint and unusual when the sisters had lived there together before. Selma had now no time or attention for her old “fancies,” as Helen had been used to call her somewhat erratically-conceived and impulsively-executed re-arrangements of pictures and furniture. It was left entirely to Helen now; and in all unconsciousness on her part she had gradually given it the ordinary aspect of a pretty, conventional drawing-room. Helen was alone there at the moment; but every now and then she paused, and listened expectantly; and when she had finished her operations with the kettle, she poked the fire into a brighter blaze, and drew Selma's own particular chair further into the warmth. Her face was radiantly happy, and she was humming a little air as she waited—the air sung by Selma in her part the night before—a sad little song which pervaded the piece, and which harmonized not at all with Helen's bright, round face. But the song stopped suddenly; a quite different smile beamed out of her eyes, and a little cry of glad surprise broke from her as the door opened, and Humphrey came in.

“Humphrey!” she exclaimed. “Oh! I didn't expect you a bit. It's so late!”

“I couldn't get away before,” he answered. “I hope Selma hasn't gone to

the theatre? I've come to see her, not you, Nell," he finished, with a slight smile.

"O Humphrey! wasn't she beautiful? Didn't she look lovely! And didn't she make the people cry!"

He smiled again, and his look was quite as much assent as Helen ever looked for in her never-effusive lover; so she went on as though he had spoken:

"I've been longing to talk to some one who saw her"—to Helen the entire performance had consisted of Selma, and nothing else. "The morning papers are lovely, but they are not like talking. When did you like her best, Humphrey? When she says she doesn't love him, or when she comes back?"

"I like her all through, Nell."

Helen laughed delightedly.

"So did I," she said. "I can't make up my mind when she was sweetest. O Humphrey!" and Helen's voice changed suddenly, and became very low and earnest, "one couldn't wonder, could one, when one saw her last night? She never could have given it up when she's—like that. She couldn't help it, could she?"

"No, Nell," he answered, very gently, drawing her to him, "there was no help for her."

There was a little pause. Helen leant against him as they stood together on the hearth-rug, with his arm round her; and the two sharply-contrasted pair of eyes looked steadily into the fire for a minute or two with curiously different expressions. Then he roused himself, and said, with a glance at her serious face:

"Was she pleased, Nell?"

The smile broke out on Helen's face again, and she said, delightedly:

"She was quite wild with excitement. I've never—no, never in her life—seen her look as she did when I went round to her after it was over. She was standing on the stage with Mr. Tyrrell and an old man. I don't know who he was, but he was telling her something about her only having to persevere, and her eyes—oh! I can't tell you how they were shining and sparkling. When we got home, I thought she would never go to bed; she talked and talked as she hasn't done for ever

so long—about all she is going to do, you know; and how hard she must work. She seemed to hate the very thought of bed!"

Helen laughed, and Humphrey said:

"What time does she go to the theatre?"

"In about an hour," returned Helen.

"I wish she would come down. She has had a bad headache all day, of course, poor dear, and I've hardly spoken to her. But she told me she was much better when I went to her a little while ago, and she said she would come down and have some tea before she went out. I do so want to talk it all over with her. It's so delightful to see her so happy. Ah," she added, joyfully, as the door of the room above opened at that moment, "here she comes. That's right. I was just coming to see after you," she finished, a moment later, as the door opened and Selma came slowly across the room.

She was very little altered from the Selma of ten months before, except that the lines of her face were older and graver, and that her eyes were more beautiful than ever for the added depth which pain and thought had brought them. There were dark shadows round them now, and her face was very pale; it was possibly that which made her, as she stood before them in the flesh, strike curiously against the picture of her which Helen had drawn.

"Ah, Humphrey," she said, gently, "I did not know you were here. Thanks, Nell," with a faint smile to Helen, who was standing, a picture of beaming satisfaction, over the chair in which she wished Selma to sit, and into which the latter sank as though she was very tired.

"Are you better, dearest?" asked Helen, brightly. "We are longing to talk it all over."

"Much better, dear, thanks."

Selma said no more, and her voice was low and listless. Helen, with an indefinable sense that this was by no means the mood for which she had been prepared in her sister, retired temporarily behind the teapot, and there was a little pause.

Then Humphrey sat down near Selma, and said:

"May I congratulate you, Selma?"

Her hand tightened suddenly on the arm of her chair, and she lifted her eyes to his for an instant. It was only an instant, and then she was looking quietly into the fire again; but it seemed to Humphrey as he met them that they were the eyes of one who had received a heavy blow, and not of one who has achieved a triumph. But the next moment she had roused herself as if with a determined effort, and turning to him with a little smile, she said:

"You know there are very few people of whose congratulations I should think more. Did you really like it?"

"I've come to tell you how much I liked it."

"Have you seen the *Morning Post*, Humphrey?" put in Helen, recovering herself a little, as she gave him Selma's tea.

"I haven't seen any of the papers, I'm afraid," he answered; "but I saw Selma. I'm going to argue out that second act with you, Selma," he went on, turning to her as he spoke. "You play it admirably from the point of view you choose to take; but that point of view is wrong."

Selma turned to him with a movement which was listless still, but less listless than the last.

"What do you mean?" she said, with a note of interest in her voice, which had not been there when she spoke before.

Humphrey's views were well developed. As he grew interested in the discussion, he proceeded to expound them at some length, and Selma's depression seemed almost to leave her as she listened and answered eagerly. They had reached a point where, as Helen assured them, there was nothing for them to do but to agree to differ, when the servant announced:

"Mr. Tyrrell."

John Tyrrell followed his name quickly into the room, looking very well satisfied with the world at large, as an actor-manager—even if he has no private reason for self-congratulation—may surely be

allowed to look when he has spent his day in reading immensely satisfactory newspaper notices on his latest production, and when he has further distinguished himself by producing an entirely successful and most promising *débutante*.

Selma rose eagerly to her feet at the sight of him, and he came straight up to her.

"How nice of you," she said, as she shook hands. "Have you come to scold me!"

"I've come to congratulate you," he answered. "The papers are quite monotonous, and I really was tired of the sound of your name, Miss Selma Malet, before I got rid of everybody last night." He laughed pleasantly, shook hands with Helen and Humphrey, and then went on, to the former, as he sat down in the chair from which Humphrey had risen: "Was her head quite turned by the time you got her home last night?"

"I think it was enough to turn it, almost," answered Helen, laughing. She did not like Tyrrell much better than she liked his sister; but she was quite ready to make common cause with him in talking of Selma's success, since no one knew so well as he did what success was. "I can't think how she ever subsided, or went to sleep at all after all that. It did take you some time, I'm afraid, didn't it, Selma?"

She turned to her sister as she finished, and Tyrrell followed her example, saying, lightly:

"A first appearance is an intoxicating thing, isn't it, Selma, when you are a great success?"

"Yes."

Selma's voice was low and absent, not at all the kind of tone in which such an answer to such a question would naturally be given. She was leaning back again in her chair, looking dreamily at the fire, her face in shadow, and as he looked at her a strange change came to John Tyrrell's face—a change under which it so softened and altered as to be hardly recognizable.

"There is only one first time, Selma," he said, in a curiously low tone, which was as unlike his ordinary voice in its

retrospective sympathy as his expression of the moment was unlike himself. "Don't forget it."

The next moment he seemed to wake up, as it were, and not noticing that no answer, saving a slight, involuntary movement, came from the graceful figure on which his eyes were fixed, he turned to Helen and said, with his ordinary tone and manner, speaking a little more carelessly even than usual:

"Are you coming down to the theatre again to-night?"

"Oh! yes, please," returned Helen, promptly; "I couldn't half take it in last night, it was all so exciting. Which frock did you like her best in, Mr. Tyrrell? Humphrey, isn't the green one lovely? Did you like that or the white best, Mr. Tyrrell?"

Tyrrell looked at her, with a little cynical twist at the corners of his mouth.

"Popular opinion is in favor of the white," he said. "At least, of the many letters I have had to-day, all of which have something to say about her, at least half rave about her appearance in the second act. Half the smart people in London"—he spoke the words with a smile, and the slightest possible tinge of mockery in his tone—"are anxious for an introduction."

Helen gave a little awe struck sigh of vague pleasure, and Humphrey, who had not been listening to Tyrrell, but staring straight before him in a brown study, observed, absently:

"I should like to paint her."

"So would Conway," remarked Tyrrell, quietly, naming the most fashionable portrait painter of the day; "he told me so last night. He wants to do her for the Academy, and Lord Ellingham"—a well-known and artistically-disposed peer—"made him promise on the spot that the picture should be his."

Selma had taken no part in the talk, either by look or gesture; and she would apparently have contributed nothing to the twenty minutes' conversation that followed, during the course of which Helen was rather overwhelmed by hearing what Tyrrell's friends had written and said to him about her sister, if Tyr-

rell himself had not now and then directly addressed himself to her, asking her if she remembered this or that distinguished admirer whom he assured her she must have met during the season she went out with Miss Tyrrell.

Then the clock struck half-past six, and he rose.

"I must go," he said. "You will be starting directly, Selma?"

"Are you not going down to the theatre with us?" she asked, simply lifting her rather heavy eyes to his face.

He looked at her for a moment, and hesitated. Then he said, quickly:

"No, I am not going straight to the theatre. Good night," he added, to Humphrey, and went away.

"Shall I go and get ready, dear?" said Helen, as the door closed upon him. "It's getting late. I see you've brought your cloak down with you."

Silence followed on her departure. Selma sat quite still; and Humphrey, unless he was started on a subject which interested him, was always ready to relapse into thought. It was not until Helen ran down-stairs again, put her head in at the door with the words, "I'm sending for a cab, Selma," and went on into the hall, that Selma roused herself wearily and stood up.

"A second night is rather flat, I'm afraid," said Humphrey, watching her, with a slight smile.

Selma crossed the room and took up her cloak.

"Yes," she said, in a low, toneless voice, "it is flat."

CHAPTER XIV.

FOR two or three days after the first night of the new piece the same heavy weight of depression seemed to hang upon Selma. It was only while she was actually acting that she seemed to throw it off, forgetting everything in her absorption in her part. Directly she was off the stage, with the applause she had won still ringing through the theatre, the fire would die out of her face, the weary listlessness would creep over her again, and she seemed to care for nothing, to be interested in nothing.

But gradually—at first as it seemed with a resolute effort of self-compulsion—she turned to her work again. She found faults in her rendering of her part which she thought she could mend, and applied herself steadily to the process. She studied indefatigably for Tyrrell, who still continued, at her own desire, to coach her in various ways.

"You don't give me nearly enough to do," she said to him one day as they stood together in his study after one of what she still continued to call her "lessons."

He laughed and studied her earnest face curiously, as he told her she was insatiable; and after he had seen her into her cab he stood looking out of his window for a moment with a rather cynical expression.

"What difference does she think it will make in another year?" he said to himself. "She has only to play her cards now, and, study or no study, London will be at her feet."

But whatever difference it might or might not make in another year, it apparently made all the difference to Selma now. With every day in which she settled more steadily into her old routine of study, with every night in which her part became to her less an exciting event and more an important piece of her day's work, her depression lessened, and her quiet, even spirits returned to her more and more.

The foggy November days ran out, and when Christmas came there were very few more weeks left to the two sisters of their quiet life together. Mr. Forsyth's appreciation of Humphrey Cornish's picture the year before had been the first of a series of successes, not striking or electrifying, but very steady and of the best kind, which had made the name of the latter known among artists, and even to the public, as the name of a promising man. It had also been the first of a series of sales of various pictures which had entirely altered his financial position, and had made it possible for him to think of marrying. He and Helen had had many quiet talks on the subject; but when it was finally decided that they need wait

no longer, there was one point on which they came individually to the same conclusion—different as the process of reasoning must have been in each case—with no words on the subject. Each felt, though neither said, that their wedding could hardly fail to be a painful reminder to every one—a most painful reminder to Selma—of the wedding so eagerly prepared for which had never come off, and it was understood between them that it could not be accomplished too quietly, or with too little show of preparation. The date had been a difficulty. It was obviously impossible that anything so likely to be painful to Selma should take place while she was preparing for her first appearance. Humphrey and Helen alike tacitly avoided the months of December and January in discussing possibilities, and yet it seemed unnecessary to wait until after Lent, when, as Helen thought to herself, there might possibly be another "first night." Finally they decided upon the first of February; and Helen, anxious above all things that no detail of the arrangements should remain to be discussed after Selma was told of them, brought herself to go and see Miss Tyrrell privately, that she might ask her to "take care" of her sister while she herself should be away on her honeymoon.

Selma had known ever since midsummer that the wedding was likely to take place in the course of the winter; and when, about a month after her first appearance, Helen told her in a quiet matter-of-fact way, the date decided on, she received the news with a loving kiss, but with no disturbance of her serenity. She was, of course, to live with them. Helen's marriage brought with it no parting between the sisters, no greater wrench for Selma than is involved in moving from one house to another. Humphrey's familiar presence in the house would have made little difference in her daily life, even if she had had much life outside her own profession; absorbed as she was in her work, no external circumstances seemed greatly to affect her. And in the choosing of the house—accomplished as quietly as were all Helen's

private preparations—next to Humphrey's requirements in the matter of a studio, as the simplest matter of course, Selma's convenience and tastes had been considered by her sister.

It was an afternoon in the third week in January, and Selma was alone in the house. She was going later on to the Tyrrells, for what Miss Tyrrell called "a little tea-party"—a form of entertainment to which that lady was much addicted during the mid-winter months, and which had been denied her this winter, together with every other form of society. Miss Tyrrell had been ill, and such an inartistic and ill-calculated proceeding had annoyed her very much indeed. It had annoyed her brother, too, very considerably. As soon as she considered herself quite recovered, they had a short conversation together, of which Selma was the subject, and of which the little tea-party in question was the immediate result.

"You know that anything I can do to help our dear young artist along the road to fame I will do joyfully. I will ask the dear Duchess for the twenty-first," were the words with which Miss Tyrrell had concluded the interview; and the smile on John Tyrrell's face as he left her could only be described as sardonic.

"She really believes in it all!" he said to himself. "What won't habit do for a woman!"

No man in London knew more accurately than John Tyrrell the exact value of a calling acquaintance with a duchess; no man deceived himself less as to the exact value of the phrases of the "set" in which he lived.

Helen, who found it far from easy to keep all the inevitable business connected with her wedding to the morning hours during which Selma worked, had taken the opportunity afforded by her sister's engagement with Miss Tyrrell to go on a shopping expedition with Humphrey, who was only to be dragged from his studio in the afternoon; and Selma, who was never idle now, was spending the half-hour which remained before she need start for her "little tea-party" practicing singing. Tyrrell had sent her

to a singing-master, with a smile at his own inability to satisfy her demand for employment, and an assurance that she could not cultivate her voice too carefully.

She was singing scales and exercises intently, and with the same steadiness which characterized all her work, when the door behind her opened suddenly, and Mervyn Dallas's warm, eager arms were clasped impulsively round her neck.

"I heard you singing, darlingest," she said, apologetically, "and I thought I might come up, though it was exercises!"

Mervyn's speech was always too rapid and demonstrative to be remarkable for grammar or for coherency; but Selma understood her, and smiled forgiveness for the interruption as she kissed her.

"Where have you been, Mervyn?" she said. "We haven't seen you for a week."

On Selma's return to London in the preceding spring, Mervyn Dallas, without saying a word on the subject to any one, had rushed headlong off to Miss Tyrrell's, and had flung herself into Selma's arms with kisses and tears—tears of pleasure at the sight of her, as she elaborately explained—and floods of quaint incoherent eloquence directly expressive of her delight in her return, and indirectly, but far more plainly, expressive of the love and loyalty with which her faithful little heart was overflowing; and Selma, so taken by surprise at first as almost to lose her self-control, had been very gentle, almost grateful in her manner, and had since taken a tender pleasure in her constant adorer which was very different from the pretty, kindly patronage she had extended to her before.

"I didn't a bit expect to find you this afternoon," Mervyn said now, apparently in answer to Selma's question, though the reply could hardly be considered strictly relevant. "I was so dreadfully afraid you would be out. Selma, don't shut the piano. Sing to me."

Selma smiled as she shut the piano, and came to sit down by the fire.

"Exercises, Mervyn? I hardly know any songs."

"How hard you work, Selma," returned Mervyn, who had established herself on a small chair, which was her particular favorite, looking up at the other with loving, admiring eyes. "No other girl would think she needed work any more. Whenever I meet fresh people I always make them talk about 'Fedalma'!"—"Fedalma" was the name of the play in which Selma was acting—"and I feel as if I must just kiss them when they begin about you. They always say you're perfect, and I could talk to them for hours. I had a perfect time at a dance the other night; I sat on the stairs for half an hour with a heavenly man. He talked about you incessantly."

Selma laughed a low, amused laugh at her fervor.

"You'll become a nuisance to your fellow-creatures, Mervie," she said.

"You don't know anything about it," answered Mervyn, with a quaint little grimace. "You don't even know what you are like as Fedalma, or you wouldn't think you could make yourself a bit better."

She had drawn her chair round, so that she was very close to Selma, looking up in her face; and the latter took one of the little, restless, brown hands in hers and played with it absently.

"Fedalma isn't everything, don't you see, Mervyn," she said, dreamily. "I never shall get even that quite right; if I did, it would only show that it wasn't worth doing, because the thing one can get quite perfect isn't art at all, I think. But Fedalma is only—there isn't much in it, after all."

"Why, every one says what a lovely part it is. Don't you like it, Selma?"

"I like it—oh! yes, I'm very fond of it, and very happy with it. But, don't you see, it's only for a time; there's always more to come. Fedalma is only just a part; there isn't genius behind it. Think of the great parts, Mervie—the parts with a whole woman, a whole life in them. Those are what one has to work for all one's life; and they—they are all means to an end, Mervyn. It's what lies beyond it all—all the work, and everything—that makes it so infinitely worth while."

There was a little quiver of intense purpose and devotion in her low voice; but her cheeks did not flush as they had been used to do in her old moods of youthful enthusiasm. Only her eyes were very deep and steadfast, and Mervyn bent her face suddenly and kissed the hand she held. There was a little silence, and then Mervyn sprang up, with rather suspicious briskness, quick as her movements always were.

"Where is Helen gone?" she said, as she wandered erratically about the room to see, as she would have expressed it, "whether anything had happened" since she had been there last; and the next moment she was calling herself by every violent and opprobrious name she could think of for having spoken without thinking, for Selma answered, quietly:

"She is out with Humphrey."

Mervyn Dallas was certainly not cut out for a conspirator. Having fallen upon the very last topic on which she wished to talk to Selma, dreadfully afraid of saying anything that would be painful to her, she became entirely unable to extricate herself from the position by finding anything else to say, and after a moment's embarrassed silence—embarrassed on Mervyn's part that is to say—Selma said, very low, but quite steadily:

"Mervyn, will you do something for me?"

Immensely relieved, thinking that all her difficulty was over, Mervyn flew impetuously across the room to her.

"Dearest, this instant—anything," she exclaimed. A little wan smile just touched Selma's lips, and she bent her head so that Mervyn should not see her face. "It isn't this instant, Mervyn," she said; "and don't promise until you hear what it is. It's—a message."

There was a moment's pause, and Mervyn said, questioningly:

"Yes, dear?"

"Mervyn, will you tell them—that I shall not go—to see Nell—married!"

Selma turned away as she spoke, and stood looking out of the window with her back to Mervyn, who remained where she was, gazing at her with an expression of misery and humiliation, as though it were

she herself who had just expressed her knowledge of the fact that there were people in the world who would actively object to meeting her. She knew well enough of whom Selma had spoken—whom she was to tell. She knew that the question as to whether or no Selma would go to the church had been privately discussed in the Cornish family; she herself had argued hotly on the subject with Sylvia, who, with all the unpardoning severity of youth, had declared that if Selma went she would not. Her color came and went, she rolled her pocket-handkerchief into an incredibly small ball, and a lump kept rising in her throat which would not let her speak—not that it would have occurred to her to dispute a decision of Selma's in any case. But Selma did not move, something in her motionlessness kept Mervyn from the demonstration which would have been natural to her, and at last she forced herself to say, in a voice that was hardly audible:

"Yes, Selma."

There was another instant's pause, and then Selma turned round, rather white, but quite quiet.

"Thank you, dear," she said, gently.

Selma was rather late in arriving at the Tyrrells'. Several carriages were waiting in the neighborhood of the house, and as the drawing-room door opened for her, it seemed to her, seeing the "tea-party" in its fully assembled state, that it was considerably larger than she had expected. She stood for a moment just inside the door, not seeing Miss Tyrrell. Then that lady, quite aware that the attention of the eight or ten people in the room was by that time concentrated more or less openly on the new-comer, rose from the low chair at the extreme end of the room, where she had been sitting, and Selma moved down the long room with the swift, graceful walk which was so characteristic of her.

"Late, of course," said Miss Tyrrell with an indulgent smile as she received her, while a pretty girl at the other end of the room observed to the man who was holding her tea-cup: "That was a very excellent entrance, wasn't it? She

has improved immensely since last season."

Miss Tyrrell herself was always in perfect harmony with her own drawing-room, and was as distinctly part of its general effect as any one of its inanimate artistic details. She knew exactly the position she occupied in the picture as she stood there holding Selma's hand in hers, and she knew, too, the impression which Selma was making; and she kept her standing, retaining her hand, as she asked her several wholly unnecessary questions as to her general well-being with much tender interest.

"I should have been very angry with you if you had been a little later," she said, when it seemed to her that the tableau had lasted long enough; and though her smile was suavity itself, there was a literal truth about her words which was by no means characteristic of all Miss Tyrrell's observations. "The Duchess has only a few moments, and she wishes to be introduced to you." She turned to the elderly lady on whom she had been bestowing her most artistic attention when Selma entered the room—the elderly lady who had taken so deep an interest in the reported romance surrounding Selma on her first appearance as a reciter—and laying a long, caressing hand on the girl's arm, she drew her forward, and said, "May I introduce Miss Selma Malet, my dear Duchess? Selma, dearest, the Duchess of Ridsdale."

Selma was taken by surprise—as Miss Tyrrell had fully intended that she should be. She had not been prepared for duchesses at a "little tea-party" in the first place, and looking quickly round the room as she took the seat pointed out to her by Miss Tyrrell—a seat which condemned her to conversation with the Duchess—she saw that all the people in the room were strangers to her. She was vaguely wishing that Miss Tyrrell would not ask her when she had "people," when the voice of the Duchess recalled her to herself.

"I am very pleased to have the opportunity of telling you how charmed we have been with your performance of Fedalma, Miss Malet."

Selma turned at once, courteously, and with a pretty little deprecating movement of her head, which was instinctive to her, but with perfect self-possession, and found that she was being looked over with much the same condescending curiosity with which she herself might have inspected some remarkable, but very inferior, member of the animal kingdom asserted by science to be allied to man, and, consequently, of the same race as herself.

"It is very kind of you to tell me so," she said.

"Quite charmed, really," repeated the Duchess, whose laudatory vocabulary was not extensive. "The white gown you wear in the second act is quite perfect, if I may tell you so."

"I am very glad you like it," said Selma, with a little irrepressible smile.

"My daughter, Lady Fenton, is most anxious to know what the material can be. It isn't silk, I think?"

"It is an Indian stuff of some kind. Miss Tyrrell chose it."

"Then Miss Tyrrell can no doubt tell me where to get it? You must find it a most affecting part to play?"

Selma was rather desperately casting about in her mind for a possible answer to such a question, when, to her infinite relief, the Duchess, unanswered, rose.

"I am so charmed to have met you, and so sorry to run away," she said. "I have a little scheme on foot, which Mr. Tyrrell has kindly undertaken to propound to you," offering her hand to Selma with the utmost graciousness. "It is a scheme in which I am deeply interested, and I hope he may be able to enlist your sympathy, Miss Malet. I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you in Park Lane; I shall send you a card—Ah! Mr. Tyrrell," she added, as they were joined by their host, "I must run away, unfortunately. You will talk to Miss Malet?"

John Tyrrell had been watching Selma's face from the end of the room. He had thought, cynically enough, that his sister was making a false move in leaving the two alone together; and he had finally sauntered across the room to

prevent that frustration of his plans which he saw was imminent. He shook hands with Selma, undertook to the Duchess to explain everything, and finally escorted that lady down-stairs. Selma had been introduced to two men and another elderly and distinguished lady by the time he came back, and her expressive face looked little happier than it had done during her brief audience with the Duchess. He did not go to the rescue a second time, however, but crossed to the pretty girl who had commented on Selma's entrance—Nora Glynn.

"Mayn't I get you another cup of tea?" he said.

"You may not, Mr. Tyrrell," she answered; "but you may introduce me to Miss Malet. How much she has improved!"

Nora Glynn herself had not improved. She had hardened curiously in face, voice, and manner. She was exactly what she had been a year before; but she no longer suggested any possibility of further development.

"I am very glad you think so," Tyrrell answered her, gravely; "and I shall be delighted to introduce you. Ah! the Winslows are going. Will you come with me now?"

Miss Nora Glynn gave him a little look, as if to ask him why he did not bring Miss Malet to her; but he piloted her calmly across the room to where Selma was standing alone.

"Selma," he said, "I want to introduce a sister-artist: Miss Nora Glynn—Miss Malet."

"I'm so delighted to meet you," said the sister-artist, with enthusiasm, which did not, however, prevent her from forming the mental comment: "She wants color, awfully." "Do let us sit down together and have a little chat."

"I shall be very pleased," said Selma, looking down into the pretty little well-satisfied face in some surprise.

She had seen Nora Glynn on the stage; but she had never considered her personality at all, and now that she met it she felt curiously out of her element in the connection. But before Nora

Glynn's proposal could be carried into effect, and very much to her annoyance—for she was really curious to "see what the girl was like," as she would have expressed it—one of the two men with whom Selma had been talking when Tyrrell had re-entered the room after disposing of the Duchess, and who were the only other guests now remaining, came up behind her, and said, lightly:

"You and Miss Malet are not going to monopolize one another, Miss Glynn, I hope. Tyrrell," turning to his host, "this won't do, you know, at all."

"Not at all," returned Tyrrell, promptly, dexterously covering Selma's movement as she turned, rather haughtily, away. She had taken a strong dislike to the first speaker, an elderly man, of an extremely complimentary turn of mind, and she had no appreciation whatever of his position in society. "Let there be no monopolies, Miss Nora, but a common fund of sociability," continued Tyrrell, gayly.

He turned round a chair for her as he spoke, and as she seated herself with a bewitching little pout at him, the second of the two remaining men, who had as yet said little, but looked a good deal at Selma, observed:

"What is the Duchess's latest, Tyrrell? I suppose it is public property. She seemed to be talking about it indiscriminately enough."

He was a man of about thirty-five, with keen, clear-cut features, a good forehead, a mouth hidden by a dark moustache; his name was Julian Heriot, and he was an influential critic, and a literary man of whom much was expected by those who knew him only by his clever, sarcastic stories and papers. But Tyrrell, who knew him better than most people, had once observed, in a most unusual moment of confidence to a mutual friend, that "Heriot was distinctly a man of his day, and his day was not the day of great achievements."

He turned to him on his question, and answered:

"It is public property, decidedly; indeed, I shall be glad to hear what you have to say to it, Heriot."

Then, throwing himself into a chair,

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and crossing his legs, he began, gravely, addressing the company generally:

"The Duchess is immensely interested in the schemes afloat for the relief of the sufferings caused in China by the late floods, of which the papers have been full. She is most anxious to get up a fund on her own account."

"She has the very kindest heart," murmured Miss Tyrrell, who had subsided into a chair, looking rather worn out; but who, having been really and uninterestingly ill, would have died rather than own to fatigue.

"She proposes that I should get up a benefit *matinée* to this end," pursued Tyrrell, passing over the interruption, and apparently entirely innocent of the sarcasm his words contained, "and that she should give her name as president of a committee who should work it at—benefit prices."

"Does she propose to give anything beside her name?" inquired Julian Heriot, quietly.

Tyrrell looked at him without moving a muscle of his face, and replied:

"She will give her very valuable time, and she will give the committee."

"And what do you think of the scheme? Do you see your way?"

"Yes," returned Tyrrell, with the same impenetrable frank composure; "I am deeply interested in—the Chinese, and I shall be delighted to help the Duchess. Now her Grace has unusually definite views on the subject of this *matinée*"—Tyrrell did not think it necessary to announce that the views in question had been provided by himself—"Miss Glynn and Miss Malet," looking from one girl to the other with a smile, "she is anxious for help from both of you."

Nora Glynn smiled back at him, trying not to look as elated as she felt, with a pretty little gesture, which signified that she would be gracious to the Duchess; and Selma leant suddenly forward, with a little flush of color in her cheeks.

"Oh!" she said, "I shall love to help. I was reading about it yesterday—China I mean—and it is so dreadful. Can we really do any good do you think?"

There was an instant's pause as the five other people present looked at her with one accord—the men in covert admiration of the added loveliness the flush had brought her, Nora Glynn, in open-eyed astonishment, and Miss Tyrrell with hardly concealed impatience. Then Tyrrell, the first to recover himself, said, quietly:

"We can but try, at any rate. Then I may count upon you, Selma?"

"Of course," she answered, with a quiet smile at him. And then, carried out of her usual quiet by the sudden thought, she exclaimed, with something of her old impulsiveness: "Why, it will be a new part! Oh! how lovely!"

The next instant, as she caught Julian Heriot's eyes, she saw the smile which he could not quite repress, and flushed more hotly and more beautifully than ever.

"That is all right, then," said Tyrrell.

"Now, Heriot, as we are all interested in the question—the Duchess told me you had promised to help her, Lord Elingham," with a glance at the elder man, "I should like to know what you both think about the committee. I promised to draw up a provisional list."

A very eager discussion ensued in which Selma alone took no part, knowing nothing of the respective merits and social powers of the ladies in question, and being quite happy to sit and think over the possibilities of the new part in prospect. She was passing from one dreamy speculation into another, when Julian Heriot's rather metallic voice caught her ear.

"Lady Latter," he was saying, "you'd better have her, Tyrrell. You and she are still on speaking terms, are you not?"

There was a slight pause, presumably while Tyrrell weighed Lady Latter in the scale as he had weighed her predecessors on the list. Then he said, slowly and deliberately:

"Lady Latter! Of course! We are—very good friends! Lady Latter by all means."

Then Selma's attention wandered away again, and she was still dreaming, when the discussion was finally adjourned to a future occasion, and Miss Tyrrell's "little tea-party" dispersed.

CHAPTER XV.

ANY event, great or small, has a different significance for each human being whose life it touches; a comparison of such significances would be a rather curious study. Helen, when she heard of the Duchess's scheme, looked upon it as a special interposition of Providence, not for the relief of the Chinese, but to keep Selma from dwelling too much upon their last days together in the little house which had been home to them for so long. Everything was to be packed up before the wedding. Helen had carefully arranged that Selma should have no business connected with the move on her hands when she herself should be away; and she had been vaguely afraid that the last week, when the preparation for departure could no longer be kept in the background, might be very painful with the inevitable stir of old association which it involved. But Selma was just as usual, except for an added tenderness of manner toward her sister which every one of those last days seemed to increase. Such portions of the work as fell naturally to her, she did, just as she did everything not immediately connected with her profession, quietly, but quite uninterestedly. When Helen was obliged to consult her on any point, her opinion was given readily, and sympathetically, but as though her own personal concern in the matter was absolutely null.

The Duchess's scheme was not to be finally arranged without incessant change of mind as to details on the part of almost every one concerned, and one question in particular—the question of what the play itself was to be—seemed almost insoluble. Selma heard little of the pros and cons, and had she heard everything she would not have known the truth—that John Tyrrell had made up his mind on the subject from the first, and was only waiting to declare it finally, and with authority, until his co-managers should be so hopelessly divided among themselves as to accept any decision in sheer desperation. Nothing was decided when the sisters' last day together drew to a close.

It was late, but the two girls were still

together in the drawing-room. Everything was ready; nothing lay between them and their short parting on the next day but the night's rest, of which Helen looked very much in need; but Selma was lingering, and making her sister linger, as though the prospect of her lonely room was painful to her. When at last they rose, however, and Helen said:

"Let me come and sleep with you, Selma," she answered, rather hurriedly, "No, dear," adding with a gentle touch on Helen's cheek: "We should only keep each other awake, and you are very tired."

Selma herself was very pale, and her eyes looked almost haggard. Since she came in from the theatre, she had been quietly drawing Helen on to speak of the wedding arrangements more fully than she had yet done, and her manner all the time had been rather unusual, as though she were putting some kind of deliberate force upon herself. And Helen, to whom, at this stage of the proceedings, it seemed far better that they should speak openly to one another, if Selma "didn't mind," had noticed nothing wrong until after her last hearty good-night kiss given in Selma's bed-room. As she left the room she turned, and was struck by something indefinably pathetic about Selma's face and figure as she stood watching her sister out. Helen hesitated a moment, and then, coming back, she took Selma into her arms as though she were still the little sister of her childhood, and kissed her with all her heart in the pressure.

"You don't feel as if you were being left alone, darling?" she said. "You don't feel as though you were losing me?"

Selma, who had trembled suddenly like a leaf, as she felt the touch of Helen's arms, drew a quick breath, and with a tender light in her eyes, which had been rather hard and set, returned the pressure which, until Helen spoke, she had only suffered.

"I know I'm not, my dearest!" she said. "Don't think of it like that. I know I shall have you always." She paused a moment, and then with a sudden

tightening of her hold on Helen, she whispered: "You know—O Nell!—you know how much I hope you will be happy. O Nell! O Nell!"

She was clinging to Helen with a convulsive grasp and pressure as the last words came from her in a dry, tearless sob; but before Helen, bewildered and startled, could fairly understand her words, she found herself pushed gently away with another rapid "good night," and the door was shut upon her. Helen stood for a moment, hesitating, and vaguely disturbed; then thinking, simply, that the fewer words and the less emotion indulged in the better, she acquiesced in Selma's unexpressed desire, and went to her own room hoping that her sister would "soon be asleep."

Humphrey and Helen were only to be away for a week, as the former was anxious about a picture for the Academy, and could spare no more time; and Selma was to spend that week with Miss Tyrrell. She was still very pale, and her eyes looked as though she had not slept much, when she was shown into the drawing-room at Kensington the next morning, and John Tyrrell, who was standing alone on the hearth-rug, apparently waiting for his sister, gave her a quick, keen glance as he shook hands.

"I've some news for you!" he said, as soon as the usual preliminaries were over. "The knotty point is settled at last!"

"Oh!" cried Selma, the grave composure of her face suddenly giving way to an eager interest which had something pathetic about its intensity. "The play? Oh! tell me?" Then as he answered her her cheeks flushed crimson, and she cried, breathlessly: "Mr. Tyrrell, you don't mean it."

The play which Tyrrell had worked so cleverly that no one had any idea that it had been worked at all, was a translation of an old Italian play, which had taken his fancy as a much younger man, on the adaptation of which he had spent great pains, but which he had never produced for many reasons—one of which had been his inability to find any one to play the heroine; he insisted that she must be

young, beautiful, and powerful; and his demands had never been fulfilled. He had several years before made Selma study the part, and on first hearing of the proposed *matinée*, he had determined that she should play it. The piece would be a grave risk as a regular production; but at a *matinée* it would be a certain sensation, if only because of its novelty.

"Bianca!" exclaimed Selma, as he signified, by a slight smile and a gesture, that he did mean it. "O Mr. Tyrrell!"

"It will mean some hard work for us," he said. "Did I tell you that it is to be on the twenty-second?"

"I am so glad," she said, answering his first words. "Yes, it will. I was thinking about Bianca only the other day, thinking that I should like to study her again, now that I am older." She paused a moment, and stood, absently, leaning one arm against the mantelpiece. "It will be like a new part," she added, dreamily.

"It is a new part for me, too," he rejoined. "And I shall stage-manage it, of course. Fortunately, we play a great deal with one another, you and I, so we can rehearse to your heart's content."

Selma roused herself, and slipped into the nearest chair, forgetting in the interest of the subject that she had only just arrived, that she had not yet taken off her hat, or seen her hostess.

"Tell me about the cast," she said. "Who will be the Guido?"

There were two prominent men's parts in the play—two parts of which it was difficult to say that either was the better. One of these was a middle-aged man—a priest; the other a young man, Guido—the lover. Either would have suited Tyrrell's style, and ten years ago he would certainly have chosen Guido. He had weighed the question carefully before deciding now, and he had been little influenced by the consideration of the respective ages of the two characters. Selma's simple question, taking it for granted that he himself would play the elder man, coming from her lips meant much more than she knew. He turned suddenly, and walked to the window, as he said:

"Bevan, I hope."

"Will he be good, do you think?" asked Selma, doubtfully, having little faith in the young man in question, and remembering that she had quite as much to do with Guido as with the priest.

"He will draw."

"I see!" said Selma, meekly remembering that there was a charity concerned; and then the door opened, and Miss Tyrrell came in, saying, as she kissed Selma:

"You are discussing the *matinée*, I know. I'm afraid little Nora Glynn will never forgive you, Selma."

"Miss Glynn!" said Selma. "Why—O Mr. Tyrrell!—you asked her to play; and there's only Bianca. Oh! how dreadful!"

"I asked her to help," answered Tyrrell, with an inward wonder as to whether his sister would ever have the faintest notion as to what it was or was not desirable to say to Selma. "I asked her to help, and she is going to help."

"I am almost afraid she did not think you meant her to sell programmes!" observed Miss Tyrrell, sweetly.

"To sell programmes!" exclaimed Selma. "O Mr. Tyrrell!"

"To sell programmes," assented Tyrrell, with the utmost placidity. "You are forgetting the Chinese, Selma. Nora Glynn, and a staff of similar young women"—he named half-a-dozen other pretty girls of about the same professional standing—"will make a great deal of money for them in that way. It was the Duchess's idea, and I think it is a very good one. They are quite charmed with it themselves."

Selma could not have given, in so many words, her own reasons for being anything but charmed; but something in Tyrrell's tone hurt her, and she was vaguely relieved when Miss Tyrrell led away from the subject by speaking to her brother of her plans for the afternoon.

During the week that followed, Miss Tyrrell was constantly "leading away" from the topic on which her brother and Selma seemed to her to talk incessantly—the *matinée*. It is doubtful whether she would have borne so much as she did, if

the subject had not had for her a kind of background of Duchess and "society." That Selma should apparently have no idea in her head unconnected with Bianca; that she should sit silent and dreamy, to start and color nervously when she was addressed; that she should spend the greater part of her time in her own room, or in Tyrrell's study, was no surprise to Miss Tyrrell. But it did surprise that sorely tried lady that it should be invariably her brother himself—her brother, who, as she expressed it to herself in more colloquial phrase than she would have used to any one else, "was not generally so horribly shoppy"—who introduced the subject, turning to Selma, as her eyes lighted, and her answer came, and discussing details with an interest nearly as keen, apparently, as her own.

There were no stage rehearsals during that week, the cast not being as yet complete, somewhat to Selma's dismay; but she and Tyrrell rehearsed together every day—not only their own scenes, but her scenes with Guido, in which he was coaching her.

She dropped into a chair in the study one morning, when they had been hard at work for an hour and had broken off for a rest, and looked up at him as he stood by the fire, with thoughtful, admiring eyes.

"I don't think you've ever helped me so much over anything," she said. "And you make love so beautifully! I do wish you were going to play Guido."

He looked at her for a moment without answering. They had been rehearsing very earnestly, and the emotion and enthusiasm in her had touched the artist instinct in him, until he found himself actually moved in spite of himself.

"Do I, Selma?" he said. And then he moved; his face changed, and settled into its usual expression, and he sat down in one of his most characteristic attitudes. "Bevan will make love to you quite as well, you'll find," he said, lightly, but watching her keenly as he spoke. Selma shook her head vehemently, but her beautiful brows were drawn together in deep consideration of a bit of by-play he had suggested to her, and she did not

answer in words. "You've no idea how easily—those scenes come," he went on, bending a little forward as he spoke; and if Selma's thoughts had not all been pre-occupied, she must have been struck by his tone.

As it was, she hardly so much as heard his words, and exclaimed:

"I can't get it quite, Mr. Tyrrell. I see what you mean, but I don't feel as though I can do it. Will you try that first love-scene with me again?"

She moved as she spoke, as if she meant to begin again immediately; but he stopped her with a slight, deprecating movement of his hand.

"We will try love-scenes as often as you like," he said; and Selma caught only the banter in his voice. "But we need not rush back to rehearsal this instant. A little breathing space!"

Selma laughed, and sank back in her chair again with a gesture of resignation.

"Very well," she said. "Tell me, in the interval, whether I do at all what you want in that first act?"

Tyrrell leant suddenly back, with a movement which was almost impatience. Then he said, rather slowly:

"Selma, do you think always of what I want?"

"You know I do," she answered, quickly, meeting the eyes he had fixed on her face with her own almost horrified in their frankness and surprise. "You've not thought me careless? You've been so patient, and taken such pains—more than you've ever taken before, I think. Ah! don't you understand how grateful I am? Don't you understand?"

"I sometimes think that you don't understand," he answered; and his voice was unusually musical and persuasive. "You talk of being grateful to me! The pains I take for you are pleasures, Selma."

The anxiety died out of Selma's face before the grave, steady light which lit up her eyes as he spoke.

"You are so good!" she said, simply and gravely, as she stretched out her hand to him. "I think nothing helps me, when I get out of heart with myself, like the thought that you think me worth such trouble." He hardly touched her hand,

and she went on, after a moment, with a slight return of anxiety in her voice and manner:

"There is nothing I care for so much as pleasing you."

"Why?"

"Why? Because I trust you so. I know that when I have pleased you I have done well." Then as if fearing that her earnest words might, for all their truth, be a little uncourteous, she continued, gently: "And even if it were not so it is the only little return I can make for all you do—for I can't look at it as you do—to try to please you." She paused, and turned her head away so that he could not see her face, and added in a tone that was very low, "I owe you—everything, Mr. Tyrrell."

There was no answer, and Selma, drifting on the current of her own thoughts, apparently returned to Bianca, and the complications surrounding her; her face was very pale and set, and she did not turn to him again until Tyrrell, rising suddenly, said, almost harshly:

"There is one way in which you could please me, Selma, if you would try. Don't think of me only as your master."

"My master!" echoed Selma, recalling herself to the present with an effort, and smiling rather faintly. "Only my master! No, of course not! You are my oldest and kindest friend. Mr. Tyrrell, am I being very tiresome to-day? Let us begin to work again, and we shall feel more natural. Shall we begin with the Guido scene?"

She rose rather hurriedly, and eagerly held out both her hands to him that he might clasp them in the attitude in which the "Guido scene" began, and, with a sudden and complete change of look and manner, he took them in his own with the business-like touch of a rehearsal, and began his speech. But before he had finished it there was a deprecating knock at the door, and Miss Tyrrell appeared.

"Oh! how shocking of me!" she exclaimed, as her brother broke off, and looked toward her with an expression of countenance which was not to be described as angry, but the thought of which was generally sufficient to keep Miss Tyr-

rell from intruding when he was known to be at work.

"How can I show my penitence? I really thought you had finished—it is so nearly lunch time."

"Do you want to speak to me, Sybilla?"

"Well, it is Selma who is most concerned," replied Miss Tyrrell, suavely.

"I was on my way up-stairs, and I thought I would bring her this," holding up a square envelope. "It has just come, and it is the Duchess's writing."

Selma, finding herself expected to read the communication, whatever it might be, there and then, took it from Miss Tyrrell, thinking that Bianca was of more importance than the whole peerage. She tore the envelope hastily open, and drew out a card. "The Duchess of Ridsdale at home, Wednesday, February 17th. Music, 9.30," she read. "Thank you, Miss Tyrrell, very much. I'll answer it by and by. I needn't go, need I?" she added, glancing rather apprehensively from Miss Tyrrell's well-pleased face to Tyrrell's, which was not so easy to read. She was answered by a horrified exclamation from Miss Tyrrell to which she paid little attention, as Tyrrell said, quietly, "Why should you not go?"

"Because I don't want to," she answered, promptly; "I've so much to think about with Bianca, you know, and parties are so demoralizing. I should have to think about a new dress, and it would all be a trouble. It can't matter to any one whether I go or not, can it? Besides," she added, simply, after a moment's pause, during which Miss Tyrrell failed to find words in which to express strongly enough her conviction that it mattered very much to Selma herself, "besides, really, Mr. Tyrrell, I do dislike going out. People—people—I don't want to be affected, but people do talk so much nonsense, and I feel as if it might—it might confuse one if one heard it much. Oh! please don't think it's conceited of me," she finished, lifting a glowing face, and shy, earnest eyes to Tyrrell's face.

"My dear child—" began Miss Tyrrell, with the utmost emphasis; and then

the luncheon-bell rang, and Tyrrell said, decisively: "There is no need to settle the question this moment. Selma can think it over a little more."

Selma, spending the afternoon with Miss Tyrrell, had little chance of thinking of anything else. But the effect on her of the discourses to which she apparently listened during the afternoon was so far from satisfactory that John Tyrrell, coming in from his club at night—he never came from the theatre with Selma—found his sister waiting for him in the drawing-room, with a less artistic and amiable expression of countenance than usual.

"John," she began, "I assure you I have quite exhausted myself this afternoon."

"That seems a pity," returned her brother, dryly.

"Dear Selma really has a very trying temperament," continued Miss Tyrrell, plaintively. "And I am afraid I have made absolutely no effect upon her. Unless you interfere, John, that girl will refuse the Duchess's invitation."

"How can I prevent that catastrophe?"

"You can talk to her," answered his sister, ignoring, with unusual wisdom, the sneer implied in his words.

"I have talked to her."

"And she will not be convinced? Then you must insist, John; you must—"

"We must let well alone," he interrupted, quietly. "Look here, Sybilla, insistence will do more harm than good. I am quite as anxious as you are that Selma should take her proper place in society; and I know quite as well as you do that the Duchess's invitation is as good a beginning as she could have; but she isn't ready, and it is not of the faintest use to hurry. If I ordered her to go to the Duchess's, she would go, no doubt"—there was an expression in his eyes as he spoke not pleasant to see—"but she would ruin her future chances—in all unconsciousness, but very effectually." He stopped a moment, and then went on again, more slowly: "There's no hurry, either. She can afford to wait. She is meant for better things, socially, than Nora Glynn, for instance; and there's

no harm done by her waiting. Say no more to her about it, Sybilla."

And with this decree, which his sister dared neither dispute nor disobey, he wished her good-night, and they separated.

With that night, Selma's stay with the Tyrrells came to an end. On the following day Helen and Humphrey were to come back, and Selma was to go home to them. Helen, anxious above all things that her sister should not feel herself an unnecessary third in their household, had written to her that they hoped to find her ready to receive them. They were to arrive at about four o'clock; and nearly an hour before that time, unpunctual Selma—determined that on this occasion, at least, she would not be late—was waiting alone in the new house.

She was very busy at first, arranging the flowers she had brought for Helen; and the strangely suggestive atmosphere of the carefully-prepared house, the curious familiarity and unfamiliarity of her surroundings, hardly touched her, while the servants—the same who had lived with the sisters in their old house—were hovering excitedly about, anxious to give her all the help in their power. But when there was nothing further for them to do, and they had retired to watch, surreptitiously, for "the master and mistress," as they had startled Selma by calling Humphrey and Helen, Selma's face, as she stood alone in Helen's little drawing-room in the now quite silent house, touching and re-touching her last glass of flowers, grew very sensitive and dreamy. It altered rapidly under the influence of her unconscious thoughts, until the expression changed from dreaminess to sadness. Her last flower had dropped from between her fingers; her face was very pale, and quivered slightly now and then; she was quite lost in thought, unconscious of herself or her surroundings, when an excited servant appeared precipitately at the door, and roused her with the words: "Master and missis is stopping at the door, miss." The next instant she had rushed downstairs on to the door-step, and was clasped in Helen's arms.

"Welcome home, Mrs. Humphrey Cornish," she cried, gayly. "Humphrey, you are most welcome to your own house!"

The only shadow on Helen's perfect happiness, the fear that Selma might "feel it," as she expressed, vaguely, her sense of the painfulness of Selma's position, was dissipated by her manner; and as they went in arm-in-arm, closely followed by Humphrey, for whom his wife turned to look almost before she had taken two steps away from him, the beaming satisfaction on Mrs. Humphrey Cornish's pretty face was only to be equalled by the quiet satisfaction with which her husband answered her glance. There were sundry letters and papers waiting for them, and as they read them together, Selma having left Helen's side to stir the fire into a brighter blaze, they were as characteristic a specimen of a newly-married couple—in spite of Humphrey's undemonstrative demeanor—as could be seen.

"Now, dearest," said Helen, turning to Selma, as she handed her last congratulatory letter to Humphrey with a laugh and a blush, "come over the house with me. Oh!" as her eyes suddenly fell upon a long, cane-chair which had been one of their wedding presents, and in which a large silk cushion was now lying, "oh! what a lovely cushion! Where did it come from. Selma, you naughty girl, is it you?"

Selma shook her head, and examined it admiringly.

"No, indeed!" she said, "I don't know where it came from. Mary, do you know who brought this?" she added, turning with the cushion in her hands to the servant who was bringing in some tea.

"Yes, miss. Miss Cornish brought it this morning—Miss Sylvia, miss. She—she didn't come in—she hadn't time she said," the girl stammered, looking nervously at Selma in her fear of betraying that Sylvia had asked whether "Miss Malet" was expected, and only on hearing that she was expected immediately, had discovered her own great haste. "She left it for you, ma'am, with her

best love," finished the girl, hurriedly, and left the room.

It was a little thing enough, but for the moment not one of the three could find anything to say. Selma, who had flushed crimson, put the cushion back slowly in its place, Helen, with a sudden rush of self-reproach at not having guessed the truth, and a painful prevision of the little, similar awkwardnesses which were so likely to arise incessantly in the future, glanced helplessly at Humphrey. It was he who said finally, "Didn't you say that Selma was to see nothing of the house until you came back, Nell? Suppose you go over it together now."

Helen had given Selma peremptory injunctions that she was to inspect nothing until she herself had returned, and they left the room together at once, eagerly seizing on the change of idea provided for them. The tour of inspection was begun with the deepest interest and deliberation on the part of the mistress of the house; but, before they had nearly finished, it became more and more cursory; and when she found herself for the second time in Selma's room, whither they had returned that its owner might admire its arrangements all over again, Helen's impatience could no longer be suppressed.

"I'm so glad you like it, dear," she said, giving her sister a hearty hug; "I hope you will be very happy in it. And now I think we've seen everything, and Humphrey will be rather lonely. I'm not sure either that he knows where his pipe is. I think we'll go down to him."

Selma laughed.

"Go down to him, Nell, by all means," she said; "I'm going to settle myself into my new domain. Go along!"

Helen retreated, hastily, after another loving hug, and Selma, left alone, listened as the quick, brisk steps ran down the stairs, and heard the door of the studio open and shut again. Then she moved, and kneeling down by one of her portmanteaux, she moved her hand as if to take out her keys. But the next moment her face had fallen forward against the box as she knelt, and her low, choking sobs shook her from head to foot.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



BY PHEBE WESTCOTT HUMPHREYS.

We have secured as Editor of this department Mrs. Phebe Westcott Humphreys, a member of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, an enthusiastic flower lover and successful cultivator. Send all communications to her address,
STATION A., Philadelphia, Pa.

AMONG THE FLOWERS IN FEBRUARY.

AS the long February days begin to hint of spring, and the plants in the window garden and conservatory seem to smile during the warm sunny afternoons, don't your finger tips fairly tingle with the desire to commence spring work in the garden? I thought so! Then you are just the true flower lovers that I take delight in addressing. No one can hope to succeed with flowers when the work among them is considered a burden, instead of a pleasure.

It is the enthusiastic worker, who takes delight in lingering in the conservatory, picking off dead leaves, admiring the blossoms, and noticing and supplying every want, who is rewarded with bright, thrifty plants and abundant blooming.

They know more than you think, those green flourishing beauties, and are always ready to respond to the loving care that finds pleasure in coaxing them into bloom. And how they brighten the home! and how refining and elevating is their influence on every member of the family where they are cultivated for the pleasure to be derived from them, and not (as is often the case) simply "because

it is fashionable now to have a fine conservatory well filled with plants."

THE NEW SPRING CATALOGUES.

Handsome as usual! and so tempting! as they now come thronging to our homes from all parts of the country, each one filled with bright promises and glowing descriptions of rare new plants; how we are tempted to "try our luck" with some of the wonderful novelties.

But it will be best to purchase very sparingly of these wonders if we would escape disappointment. We would not doubt the honesty of the dealers who de-



GERANIUM TRICOLOR.

scribe in such glowing language the plants that are almost sure to fail in the hands of the amateur. Our most reli-

able florists will recommend the very plants that have proved disappointing to hundreds every spring. But they are not always to blame. Just so long as we will persist in buying plants of which we

you could purchase at the florists. And if you will notice the price asked for plants such as you have raised, you will realize that by your thoughtful care you have saved enough to enable you to add many fine plants to your collection.



GERANIUM—MADAME SALLEROY.

know nothing as far as their requirements and habits of growth are concerned, we must expect some failures. It is a safe rule to spend very little for the novelties (which the catalogued descriptions make so enticing) until they have been sufficiently tested, so that you may know if your soil and climate is suited to their needs.

SELECTING SUMMER BEDDERS FROM CONSERVATORY PLANTS.

In studying these numerous catalogues and making out your list of seeds and plants for bedding out in the summer border, notice first what conservatory plants may be depended upon for a good supply of slips. Many of the plants that are now making rapid growth will require pinching back to keep them shapely and encourage blooming. Do not waste one of these small slips and cuttings. Keep a box of sharp, coarse sand in a convenient window and press the small slips firmly into this as fast as they are nipped off of the large plants. If the sand is kept moist they will readily root, and when the weather is warm enough to start the beds outside, you will have quantities of plants as fine and healthy as

GERANIUMS IN FEBRUARY.

They are at their best now, and this "nipping off and pinching back" process will apply to them especially. They are such rampant growers when they once "make up their minds" to do their best that it is almost impossible to keep some of the branches within bounds; and the sand box will soon be filled with fine cuttings. Do you intend to plant these large plants outside next summer and allow them to continue their growth and bloom? Don't do it! This is the mistake too often made.

Many who ought to know better will tell you that the slips which are started



GERANIUM—MADAME SALLEROY, DOUBLE CRIMSON.

this spring will be your main dependence for winter blooming next year; and the old plants will be comparatively worthless after the abundant blooming. We have seen

just such statements made year after year, in popular magazines, too, but the writer is evidently guided by theory and not experience. Common sense will tell you that the old plants, which have become well established and trained into shapely bushes with dozens of blooming branches, are worth more than the young plants of four or six months, with two or three

for the white, etc., and then it will be an easy matter to plan for a tasteful arrangement of colors in the different beds.

For bordering large beds of Geraniums, there is nothing more handsome and appropriate than the dwarf, fancy-leaved varieties. Geranium Tricolor, with its beautifully variegated leaves, is fine for



PHENOMENAL FUCHSIA.

stalks for blooming.

Provided, of course, the old plants receive the proper treatment during the summer.

We will speak of this summer care later. Now for the slips that will be your main dependence for the beautiful beds of Geraniums on the lawn next summer. In placing the various cuttings in the sand box, it will be well to have it partitioned off with one division for the red varieties, one for the pink, another

bordering a bed of tall growing, dark-leaved sorts. But more handsome than all others for this purpose is the dainty little Madame Salleroy. We can have little idea of its beauty from the cut. It grows in shapely, well-rounded clumps about six inches

high, and each small leaf is a rich green bordered and spotted with silvery white.

One of the handsomest Geranium beds at Fairmount Park last summer was formed of a mass of double crimson blossoms, with a perfect border, formed of

clumps of dainty Madame Salleroy, the pure white of the glossy leaves being even more attractive than flowers.

The dwarf border Geraniums may be purchased now, they will cost no more than if they were bought later, and you may get finer plants than if you waited until the rush of the spring trade. Besides this you still have three months in which to enjoy them inside, and in that time

watered and fertilized, and given every opportunity to make rapid growth.

The cuttings may all find a place in that sand box, and do not be afraid to cut back severely, the plant will be stronger, and more prolific, if much of the old wood is cut away. Very few varieties of Fuchsias are worth cultivating for winter blooming; in fact, *Speciosa* and *Gem* are about the only ones that will prove at all satisfactory; but allowed to rest during the early winter, and being brought up and started into new growth in February, they will give an abundance of bloom throughout the summer months. In repotting the plants after they have been cut back, see that they have very rich soil, then give plenty of water and sunshine for a month or two, but during the summer suns they will prefer a shady spot. Plenty of water on the foliage is a necessity at all times, it will keep the leaves bright and glossy, and free from dust and the red spider, their greatest enemies.

It may be interesting to learn of some of the giant specimens, which have been mentioned in another paper. We are told that in California they are trained on arbors and trellises, and over the house fronts and porches, just as we train honeysuckle and grape vines; and in South America they grow like trees, sometimes reaching a height of thirty to fifty feet, with trunks two feet



FUCHSIA—STORM KING.

you may be able to raise many small plants from slips.

FUCHSIAS.

It is now time to bring the Fuchsias from the cellar, where they have been resting during the past two months. Cut them back about one-half, and when they begin to show signs of growth—that is, when the small leaf buds begin to start all along the branch—they should be

or more in diameter. These facts make our dwarf plants seem very insignificant, but we admire and enjoy them nevertheless, and we have succeeded in growing fine specimens of the tall varieties, which we have carefully trained into shapely bushes of three or four feet in height. The beautiful trailing sorts, which droop gracefully from brackets and hanging-baskets are also greatly admired, and thoughts of the South American giants,

or the wonderful trailers of California do not cause us to be dissatisfied with our treasures.

The Fuchsia was named in honor of Leonard Fuchs, the renowned German botanist, and the original plant is said to have been very inferior to the many hand-

As soon as the cuttings are in the sand-box, whether they are Geranium, Fuchsia, Lantana, or whatever may have been started from slips or cuttings, they will require watching; *never* allow the sand to become perfectly dry. As soon as a slip shows signs of growth, so that



NEW DOUBLE-FRINGED PETUNIAS.

some varieties cultivated at the present time.

The Phenomenal Fuchsia is worthy of special mention. It is certainly a phenomenon, with its beautiful double flowers more than twice the size of most Fuchsia blooms.

Storm King is also magnificent and one of the most satisfactory.

you may know that it is well rooted, take it carefully from the sand and pot it in light, porous soil; give small pots at first, and repot as the old one becomes filled with roots.

DOUBLE PETUNIAS.

Those who have grown only the single varieties of Petunias, sowing the seed as

soon as the weather becomes settled in the spring, enjoying the wealth of bloom throughout the summer and allowing them to die with the first frost, have little idea of the grandeur of the large double varieties for winter blooming. For years these have been among our most satisfactory conservatory plants.

The double white variety, called Snow Drift, is one of the constant winter bloomers, and quite as prolific is the beautiful crimson and white variegated sort. Plants that were started from slips last February were allowed to grow luxuriantly in the open air last summer, but not a single bud was permitted to open. As fast as they appeared they were pinched off, and all unruly branches received the same treatment; and when they were taken inside in the fall, the large shapely bushes, each carefully trained on a stout trellis, were covered with tiny buds; and the lovely, fragrant blossoms which appeared so soon after they were taken to the conservatory continued for months; as fast as the large blooms would begin to fade, other buds would open, and the succession of hand-



PHLOX DRUMMONDI FIMBRIATA.

some, fragrant flowers were a constant delight.

Even more satisfactory than the white and variegated varieties mentioned, are the new double-fringed Petunias.

In February the plants that have been blooming since the early fall will begin to show signs of exhaustion, and they will be benefited by being cut back. Each small piece should be saved, for they are easily rooted, even the smallest of them. When it is time to plant them outside do not try to save the old plants; they will not increase in size and beauty each year, like the Geraniums, but are comparatively worthless after one winter's blooming. Break up the old plant into several small ones after it has commenced to make new growth in the summer border, and with careful culture, you will have many thrifty blooming sized plants, instead of one exhausted one when it is time to take them inside.

PANSIES AND PHLOX DRUMMONDI.

If you have young Pansy plants started in the hot bed, or in some sheltered spot where the seed was sown last fall, and has since been protected from the successive freezings and thawings, you will have an abundance of blossoms very early in the spring; and it will not be necessary to plant any seed in the house.

But if you did not attend to this seed sowing in the fall, it will be best to start them now if you desire early plants when they will be most appreciated. Seed sown in February will give fine young plants ready for the thumb pots in March, and ready for blooming in early May and June. Do not be discouraged if you have not the conveniences of greenhouses and conservatories, the moist atmosphere of the sunny kitchen window will be just what is required, and you will be just as successful if the seed is planted in a shallow cigar-box, or a tin pie-plate, with several holes in the bottom for drainage, as though the most expensive seed-pan had been purchased.

Have soil light and mellow, and instead of sowing the seed carelessly over it so that many of the young plants will be crowded when they make their appearance, take the pains to plant each seed separately about an inch apart. Oh! yes; it will take time, but it will

pay in the end. When the plants begin to grow they will have room enough to remain undisturbed until the second leaves form, and then may be carefully transplanted, with a ball of the soil about the roots, without disturbing the surrounding plants.

It is simply a waste of time to plant some of the seeds in February and March, that many of the amateur florists consider necessary. Such annuals as Asters and other late fall bloomers, are not benefited in the least by all the work and care of the early seed planting. They are at their best only when allowed to bloom in their proper season, and they develop into much finer blossoms during the cool fall weather than when forced to bloom during the hot, dry summer days.

Phlox Drummondi, however, will amply repay you for all the time and care of February seed planting. Divide the packet of seed, plant a few now, others in March, and still others when the weather is warm enough to plant them outside, and you will have a succession of beautiful blossoms from May till October. Phlox Drummondi Fimbriata and Star of Quedlinburgh are

among the new sorts, but Grandiflora is still the favorite.

The Publishers tell me they have ar-



PHLOX DRUMMONDI—STAR OF QUEDLINBURGH.

ranged with one of the largest seed houses to give you all the seeds you may want at a merely nominal cost, so be sure to look for their announcement among the advertising pages.

THE BEEFSTEAK.

YOU may talk of spring-chickens and quail upon toast,
Or anything else of which epicures boast;
But when you are hungry there's nothing can take
The place of a juicy and savory steak.

Two inches in thickness it ought to be cut,
With snow drifts of fat on it, sweet as a nut;
And always remember when buying it that
Prime meat must be streaked and covered with fat.

Quick, turn it and turn it, with many returns,
While melting fat merrily blazes and burns,
Imparting rich flavors. Keep turning and—there,
'Tis done, with its inside red, juicy, and rare.

Now pepper and salt it and on a hot plate
Enjoy it at once—not a moment to wait,
And then you'll acknowledge that nothing can take
The place of a luscious and juicy beefsteak.



WHICH RHYME IS YOURS?

"PICKLES and vinegar, lemons and limes.

If I studied my table ninety-five times
I could never learn 'em—so what is the use!

I'll ask my mamma to write an excuse."
(Pickles and vinegar, lemons and limes,
Such a bad little girl needs the sourest
of rhymes.)

"Sugar and caramels, honey and dates.
Over and over I've bounded the States;
I'm learning the capital cities by heart,
Geography's nice when you get a good
start."

(Honey and caramels, sugar and spice,
For a good little girl there is nothing too
nice.)

—*Youth's Companion.*

CAPRICORNUS.

BY MRS. J. C. PEMBERTON.

THERE was never a goat of whom more could have been expected than Capri, with all his advantages of birth, education, and appearance.

His father William (or for short, Billy), a Cashmere of bluest blood from the tips of his large, well-formed horns to the tips of his small, shining hoofs, had been imported at large cost and was a very prince of goats in Georgia.

It was said that of the long, soft hair which grew on the original William, great-grandfather of Capri, the regal robes worn by the Shah of Persia had

been spun. That, of course, was a source of great pride; 'as it should have been.

The delicate Annie, mother of Capri, held an exalted position in the pasture where the goat tribe roamed, and was the acknowledged beauty and belle of the herd. To be sure her ancestors did not lay claim to such high pedigree as William's; it was hinted, indeed, that the original stock were quite plain, and that Annie's dainty looks and haughty carriage came to her in some accidental way.

Capri was small and delicate from his birth and a tax upon his mamma, who regarded him as a hindrance and was not disposed to give him the attention he needed.

As for the great William, he showed very little interest in his son; he eyed him critically and then said to his spouse, "Well, Nannie, this is a poor specimen of the renowned Cashmeres; his legs are long, his color dull, and I see no sign of the silky hair for which my tribe is distinguished, while, judging from his continual bleating, I should pronounce him to be of an exacting and dissatisfied disposition. No doubt, though, you will understand how to manage him, as you are his mother. I will therefore intrust him entirely to your care, and return to the fields where my numerous friends are enjoying themselves. When Capri is old enough to frisk by your side I hope you will return to us."

So saying, William made haste to free himself of the responsibilities of a father and was soon disporting himself among his gay comrades.

This was pretty selfish conduct on his part, and for a few days roused the pride of the young mother, who considered her son and herself as cruelly neglected.

She really tried in that time to be loving to the small specimen who spent most of the time in lying down and showing no disposition to eat the sweet spring grass nor to frolic as she had seen older kids do.

If she had examined Capri's teeth she would have seen that they were not yet ready to chew even the tender grass, and that his little bleats meant a call for milk.

But Nannie thought more of herself than of anything else, and her love was not strong enough to be patient, so after a week or two of playing nurse to a puny son, who she tried in vain to coax to follow her nimble feet, she abandoned him to his fate, and rejoined the herd, who welcomed her back without troubling her with inquiries about her offspring.

One cool evening in early spring, as little Capri lay shivering in the dew, making faint moans for the mother who was not giving him a thought, a carriage was driven near, and Mr. and Mrs. Egmont, who were hastening home, stopped on hearing the sounds.

"It is a baby," said Mr. Egmont, jumping to the ground and peering into the grass. The moon was just risen and threw a faint light on an object quite near the roadside. In another moment a pitiful cry and a stir of the grass led Mr. Egmont to the spot where Capri lay.

"It is a kid," he called to his wife, "what shall I do with it?"

"Let us carry it home to our kids," replied Mrs. Egmont, cheerfully. "They will delight in having a new companion."

Taking the little creature in her arms, she wrapped it well in her soft shawl, laid it against her breast, and urging her husband to drive quickly, they soon reached their country home, the kid by this time fast asleep.

The little orphan was received with true hospitality by the children. Old Charles, the cook, who loved every young thing, put aside his pots and pans to attend to the new pet, and very soon

had a bowl of warm milk to his lips, enjoying the eagerness with which it was drunk.

"This child has been starved by his mother," he said, in his African dialect. "Nannie's is awful inhuman, many's the little goat perishes cause the mammy aint got no feelin's. This is a fine stock I see; he's neglected to be sure, but jes' let me try my hand on him, and I'll be bound he turns out a *genuine Cashmire* yit."

So Capri's history and almost his life began from the evening when he was found and adopted by the Egmonts.

Charles proved a true prophet as well as admirable nurse. Before long there was no handsomer kid than Capri.

The distinguishing mark of high birth which William had thought wanting, the long silky hair, was a marked sign of his being worth to furnish regal robes to another Shah, and Charles took pride in combing it and keeping it glossy as satin.

The children never wearied of playing with him; he shared their apples, or cakes, or candies, and was allowed as much liberty as any goat ever enjoyed.

Among the pretty cousins who came to Woodlawn, Ellen Lee was perhaps the favorite, for she always brought life and fun to the nursery as well as to the parlor.

Cousin Ellen was a musician, and it was she who discovered that Capri was one, too, at heart. She observed that when she sat on the porch and *sang*, while her fingers were busy with some bright embroidery or knitting, he would always come near and stand listening. When her song ceased he would walk off slowly as if he wanted to hear more.

After satisfying herself that this was not imagination on her part, she spoke of it to Mr. and Mrs. Egmont, who received it as a mere girlish fancy. They promised that they would observe her admiring listener attentively, but warned her that she must not expect them to accept her views without proof.

Ellen was bent on proving herself right, but could not help feeling some doubts at the same time; still she determined to test the matter thoroughly.

Taking her guitar one afternoon to a seat under a grand old oak, she first looked around to see if Capri were near. He was nowhere to be seen.

This, she thought, was in her favor. So, striking some louder chords, then moderating the sound, she played the accompaniment of a tender love-song which her father had learned in India, her rich voice making delicious melody.

The first verse was not ended when in the distance sounded Capri's silver bell, coming faster as it drew nearer. The young girl gave no sign, but sang on.

Capri stood perfectly still a little distance off, his shapely head well raised, his eyes full of bright light; he was drinking in a rich treat.

And still Ellen sang and still her mute listener stood motionless. At the conclusion she laid aside the guitar and called him by name—"Capri!"

But the spell was broken; there was no response to *spoken* words, and Capri walked slowly away.

The evenings at Woodlawn, when Cousin Ellen was there, were always times of rare enjoyment, in which even the little four-year-old Ethel took part. Soon after her arrival supper ended, the children in their happiest mood, Mrs. Egmont opened the piano and played for them a gay new dance.

Doors and windows stood open, when suddenly a scrambling noise was heard on the porch, and Capri bounded into the drawing-room, dived under the piano, and laid himself down at Mrs. Egmont's feet.

Ellen Lee understanding at a glance, bade the children dance on without noticing him, while he lay gazing on the merry scene with his big eyes as bright as stars.

Never was a more appreciative goat; there he stayed without stirring till the music ceased and the dance ended. Then without a look he trotted out as rapidly as he had trotted in.

"Now, Uncle and Auntie, what do you say as to Capri's love of music?" said Ellen.

"We are ready to believe all you tell us after this," replied Mr. Egmont.

Hereafter, Capri was a nightly inmate of the parlor, allowed to come and go at will. There was no mistake about his musical taste, and Ellen declared enthusiastically that she would some evening have him dancing among them.

This seemed to the elders a rash venture, but Cousin Ellen determined at least to try, and as she was persevering, very gentle, and always patient, the family did not discourage her.

The lessons began. The first, which were the hardest, were given when the little ones were out-of-doors, that Capri might not be abashed nor distracted by lookers-on.

A carrot or a lump of sugar would persuade him to the dance room, where Mrs. Egmont, almost as much interested as her niece, would be the fiddler.

Capri, who had four very pretty feet, rebelled for a time at being allowed to stand only on two and was even disposed to show fight, but his gentle teacher would sing while she held one or the other of his front hoofs, and moving slowly would lead her refractory pupil.

The love of dancing grew so great in time that the trouble was to keep Capri from breaking into all the figures, pretty roughly too, as little Ethel knew well.

All these accomplishments, which were witnessed and talked over by the neighbors, and the notice which was taken of Capri, at last quite turned his head, which by this time was ornamented by a pair of horns which bid fair to rival those of his superb ancestor William. He strutted about the grounds with a grand air, and scarcely troubled himself to recognize old Charles, whose kindness had saved his life. Indeed he assumed such lordly ways that many were the complaints against him, and he almost ceased to be a pet except with Ellen Lee, who always took his part. "Capri's only like human goats," she would say, "when he is older and has more sense he will be ashamed to behave so foolishly."

In time the fame of Capri spread for miles, and planters and overseers came to see him or to offer large prices for him. Mr. Egmont was proud of such a splendid specimen, but he refused to sell him.

"No!" he would say, "we have had the fellow since he was a baby; we love him and we think he loves us. So we will not part."

Capri seemed to know when he was praised, and would look very self-satisfied and give his head a toss in the air as if to say, "What would my great-grandfather think of me if he knew how much I am admired. I think it is high time I was seeing something of the world; this plantation and my playmates, the children, weary me. I shall begin my travels and leave them all behind. A goat of *my* blood is meant for higher society than I shall ever enjoy here."

Thus ran his soliloquy, so one bright morning, just as the sun was rising, Capri bounded over the hedge and trotting briskly along was out of sight long before the children were dressed.

He had lived, as we know, entirely on Mr. Egmont's plantation, and now as he made his way over the broad roads, the world seemed very large, and he congratulated himself upon the wisdom which had led him to seek to know more of it.

When he had put a good many miles between his old home and himself, he began to feel hungry, and looking about he saw in the distance a fine field of waving grass in which were not only many cattle such as he was quite familiar with, but, besides, a large herd of goats browsing.

"Heigho!" thought Capri, "I have at last discovered some of my relatives—the noble and ancient family of Capricornus. I will at once introduce myself to them and by virtue of my descent from the great William, I shall doubtless be received with honor and shall at once place myself at the head of the tribe. Forward! Capri, take the high position to which you are born."

As these proud thoughts ran through our silly Capri's head, he leaped into the midst of the herd with a very lofty mien.

But Capri knew very little of goat character when he imagined it such an easy matter to proclaim himself king. In an instant the herd was in a state of commotion at the appearance and the pretentious manner of the stranger. The

coquettish namesakes of his mother—the Nannies—were willing to welcome a new and handsome beau, but the patriarch of the tribe quickly put an end to Capri's high-flown ideas of superiority by making on him an attack so sudden and well directed that Capri, forgetting the valor of his ancestors, was compelled to take to flight after receiving a butt on the head which nearly stunned him.

Quickly rallying from the blow, he was about to advance on his antagonist, but by this time the whole male portion of the herd had joined their leader, and as they bore down upon Capri he realized at a glance that he would be ignominiously trampled beneath their heels unless he used his own to the best advantage, which he did without loss of time, and with many sage reflections as to the nothingness of merit that is not recognized.

While Capri was indulging his desire for foreign travel, the family of Mr. Egmont had made fruitless search for him. The children, after shedding many tears over his loss, had settled it among themselves that he was "as ungrateful as he could be."

Cousin Ellen and Charles tried hard to keep their faith in him alive, but when the third day passed without any sign of the wanderer, they decided that they would never see him again. On the fifth day, as the family were viewing a lovely sunset from the lawn, suddenly Charles rushed breathless among them.

"Miss Ellen," he said, "he's comin', I hears his bell—listen, *listen hard*."

Then, amid breathless silence, came from afar the familiar tinkle of the silver bell, stopping at times, ringing again, coming gradually toward them.

"Don't move, children, don't stir a step till we see what old Cap's about," said Charles. "I knowed he was all right; all this blessed time when you was abusin' him—*my baby*!"

There was not long to wait. On the lawn appeared Capri; not alone. By his side was a poor, weak, little kid, struggling to keep up with him, falling often from sheer exhaustion.

As Capri caught sight of the friends

whom he had thought to desert all the old love revived, and bounding up to Charles, his foster-father, he first rubbed himself affectionately against the kind old black hand that had so often fed him, and by his antics led the old man up to the shivering kid as if to beg the same kindness for the unhappy little stranger that had so often been given to him.

At this instance of loving sagacity on the part of Capri, Charles was completely overcome. Taking the little one in his arms, he carried him to the kitchen as he had once carried Capri, took from a shelf the bowl from which Capri had had his first draught, and quickly warming some milk he filled it and offered it to the new pet.

"Miss Ellen," said he, "we'll raise this poor little Nannie that Capri's brought us, and if anybody ever says anything about *ungratitude* ag'in, they'll have a count to settle, sure's my name is Charles."

THE GEOMETRICAL GIRAFFE.

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

PROFESSOR PIKESTAFFE, Ph. D.,
While wandering over land and sea,
Once on the plains of Timbuctoo
Met a giraffe.

"Why, how'd' ye do!"
Exclaimed the amiable Pikestaffe.
"I'm really charmed, my dear Giraffe!
I've thought so much of you of late,
Our meeting seems a stroke of Fate
Particularly fortunate.
I long have had upon my mind
Something concerning you; be kind
Enough to seat yourself, and pray
Excuse, if what I have to say
Seems personal!"

"My dear Pikestaffe,
I shall be charmed," said the Giraffe,
"To hear whatever you may say.
You are too kind; go on, I pray."

"Well then," said Pikestaffe, "to resume,
You are aware, sir, I presume,
That though with your long neck at ease

You crop the leaves upon the trees,
Your legs are quite *too* long, and make
It difficult for you to slake
Your thirst—in other words, you've found
Your neck too short to reach the ground.
Indeed, I've often wept to think
How hard it is for you to drink.

"To right a wrong we must, of course,
First try to ascertain the source;
And in this case we find the cause
In certain geometric laws,
Which I will quickly demonstrate
(How lucky that I brought my slate!).

"Well, to begin, let line A B
Be your front legs; then line A C
(A shorter line) your neck shall be.
Measured, 'twill only reach so far,
When bent down toward the ground, as R.
Then R's your head stretched down and
shows

How far the ground lies from your nose—
Though if the ground lay not at B,
But R, you'd reach it easily.
Suppose it then at R to lie,
And draw for ground line D R I.
Your head then touches ground at R—
But now your feet go down too far!
My compasses then I will lay
On A and B, and make round A
A circle crossing line D I
At two points. Mark them X and Y;
Then draw from X and Y to A
Two lines; then it is safe to say
That line A X and line A Y
Equal A B, *being radii*
Of the same circle, as you see
(According to geometry).
But since at first we did agree
A B your length of leg should be,
These, being equal to A B,
Are just the same as legs you see.
So now on legs A X, A Y,
You stand upon the ground D I
And drink your fill; for, as I said,
D I is touched by R, your head,
Thus we have proved—"

* * * * *

What happened here
Professor Pikestaffe has no clear
Impression, but the little row
Of stars above will serve to show

What madly reeled before his eyes,
 As he went whirling to the skies.
 Below he heard a mocking laugh,
 That seemed to come from the Giraffe:
 "Go up! go up! You've proved enough;
 You've proved geometry is stuff!
 You've proved, till I am well nigh dead,
 And feel a thumping in my head,
 That I must spread my feet apart
 To take a drink—why, bless your heart!

I knew that long ere you were born.
 I laugh geometry to scorn."

* * * * *

Professor Pikestaffe, Ph. D.,
 They say, has dropped geometry—
 It seems he dropped his slate as well,
 Which lies exactly where it fell
 (Also the diagram he drew)
 Upon the plains of Timbuctoo.

—*St. Nicholas.*

HOME CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY AUNT JEAN.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2.

BY EVA M. KENNEDY.

"To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition."

Q. 2. What four things are most essential to the comfort and happiness of a home?

THE four things that are most essential to the comfort and happiness of a home are: Punctuality, Method, Cheerfulness, and Economy.

"Punctuality is the soul of business." The value of this habit cannot be too strongly emphasized; it should be strictly cultivated and looked upon as a virtue. Nothing is so disastrous to the comfort and happiness of a home as the disregard of this habit; it occasions constant disquietude and confusion, and it is impossible for things to flow smoothly. If a single member of a family arises late, the probability is tempers are spoiled, and impatience is freely indulged in during the trying ordeal of waiting for the dilatory person. The cook complains of food spoiling by long waiting; and often a whole day's work is upset by one careless and inconsiderate person. A good story is told of Beau Brummell who thought it important and fashionable to be always late when invited out to dine. His friend, the Marquis of Abercorn, had for some time submitted to this off-repeated trial of his patience; accordingly, one day when he had invited

Brummell to dine, he desired to have the dinner on the table punctually at the time appointed. The servants obeyed, and Brummell and the cheese arrived together, the host offered no apology whatever for what had happened, but coolly said: "I hope, Mr. Brummell, cheese is not disagreeable to you." It is needless to add, Brummell was never late at that house again.

Method and systematic management are absolutely necessary to the comfort and happiness of home life. Every member of a household should be methodical and regular in his and her life; each morning the day's programme should be mapped out, a certain amount of time should be set aside for the various kinds of work depending upon us; a certain time devoted to the care of one's self, as well as to family and friends; time must be given to rest and sleep, and then, what is left may be cheerfully and willingly given to improvement and entertainment, for,

"Pleasure with labor should be joined,
 So take the corn and leave the chaff behind."

We could thus avoid the distressing whirl of duties that would otherwise press upon us. Time is the most precious thing in the world, and the secret of saving it is in having order and method.

"All is soon ready in an orderly house."

Cheerfulness in the home is an unbounded blessing, and it is also indis-

pensable to true happiness. We may not all be born with sunshine in our hearts; indeed, cheerfulness of disposition is very much a matter of inborn temperament, but it is capable of being trained and cultivated like any other habit. It rests with ourselves whether we shall extract joy or misery, the sweet or the bitter, from life, whether we see the gloomy or the bright side; therefore, let us exercise our will power to such an extent that we may be able to close our eyes to the clouds that may arise and see only the silver lining. Let us try to find good in everything, and copy the example of Martin Chuzzlewit's servant, Mark Tapley, who always looked upon the bright side of life. When we have burdens to bear, let us try to bear them cheerfully, not fretting nor wasting time in useless worry. Banish all worry, it is the most useless thing in the world, and the one that does endless harm to both mind and body, while cheerfulness lightens burdens, banishes sorrows, dispels cares, and sweetens life. Dr. Johnson said the habit of looking at the best side of any event is worth far more than a thousand pounds a year. Some one has thus described the best way of overcoming temptations: "Cheerfulness is the first thing, cheerfulness is the second, and cheerfulness is the third." By all means, therefore, let us be cheerful at home, let us not reserve the winning smile and courteous word for society and strangers, let us wear sunny faces, and we shall be kept young at heart. Solomon said: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Cheerfulness is the best tonic we could have, and we should value it as one of our most cherished possessions.

"There's nothing gained by sighing.
It's ever the wisest plan,
To sing away one's trouble
And be happy, if we can."

The fourth, but not the least, essential to home happiness and comfort is economy.

"Who spends more than he should,
Hath not to spend when he would."

The present may be bright and prosperous, but there is the proverbial "rainy

day" to guard against, as there is nothing sure in life, and sickness is liable to come alike to both rich and poor at most unexpected and unlooked-for times; therefore, every one should fully recognize the value and meaning of the word economy.

It is not necessary to take the extremist's view, one should neither be mean nor yet extravagant, but should tread the safe and middle path. Economize in health, strength, time, and labor as well as in money.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3.

"Home! How deep a spell that little word contains."

Q. 3. What is the pivotal point upon which every home should revolve?

THE pivotal point upon which every home should revolve may be described by a little word of four letters, viz.: *love*. There is nothing in the world we should prize so dearly as our home; there is something so suggestive of sweetness in the sacred name, and so many pleasing and attractive associations cling to its memory, which, through life, will act as a safeguard and protection against the many snares and temptations that will arise. There is nothing more beautiful than the bond which unites the little circle of mother, father, and children; and, however humble the surroundings may be, every home may be rich in the possession of a wealth of love that will turn life into an earthly paradise.

"Love," it has been said, "in the common acceptance of the term, is folly; but love, in its purity, its loftiness, its unselfishness, is not only a consequence, but a proof of our moral excellence. The sensibility to moral beauty, the forgetfulness of self in the admiration engendered by it, all prove its claims to a high moral influence. It is the triumph of the unselfish over the selfish part of our nature."

Love is a great motive power, it makes us forget self, while we find ourselves unconsciously doing our best to help and relieve the object beloved. Where love exists in a home, truly harmony reigns; joys are made doubly joyful, while trou-

bles and afflictions become lighter and more easily borne by sharing and dividing them with others. The sympathy that flows from a loving heart is well worth the having. A man's whole mind may be in his business, but, if he would be happy, his whole heart must be in his home.

Edmund Burke said of his home: "Every care vanishes the moment I enter under my own roof." Home makes the man; it is there that all the fine qualities of his nature are displayed, his love, sympathy, and consideration for others are all called forth; while, on the other hand, we have associated the dear name, mother, so much with home that we almost look upon them as being synonymous terms. If affection is not the governing principle of a household, domestic life may be the most intolerable of despotisms. "Love," says Emerson, "is a fire that, kindling its first embers in the narrow nook of a private bosom, caught from a wandering spark out of another private heart, glows and enlarges until it warms and beams upon multitudes of men and women, upon the universal heart of all, and so lights up the whole world and nature with its generous flames."

WHAT IS CONTAINED WITHIN AN EGG-SHELL.

BY PHEBE WESTCOTT HUMPHREYS.

IT has been said that every element necessary to the support of man is contained within the limits of an egg-shell, in the best proportions and in the most palatable form. We could not well expect to find more than this in so small a space. Yet a careful study of this small affair reveals some interesting facts. Not only do the eggs furnish us with the best of nutriment, but they contain medicinal properties as well. The Russians extract an oil from the yolk, and they regard it as an almost miraculous cure when used as a salve for bruises, scratches, or cuts. In the case of severe burns there is nothing better than the white of an egg for excluding the air and allaying the pain.

The use of an egg in time of urgent

need has often been the means of saving a life. If through accident the deadly corrosive sublimate has been swallowed, and the white of one or two eggs is quickly administered, it will render the poison perfectly harmless. If a fish-bone becomes lodged in the throat so that it seems to be impossible to remove it, if the white of an egg is quickly swallowed the bone will be effectually removed and no doctor will be necessary. Consumptives, and all feeble persons, are strengthened by them, and they have been known to cure and to ward off the dread jaundice. But this is not the extent of their good qualities.

Let us think for a moment of some of the methods of preparing palatable dishes from them. It has been affirmed that the masters of French cookery claim that it is easy to dress eggs in more than five hundred different ways, each method not only economical, but salutary in the highest degree. This assertion seems marvelous, and I am sure no American housewife would care to learn and remember all these five hundred recipes, but we know enough to thoroughly appreciate their good points, and when we realize in how many appetizing forms they appear on our tables, we wonder what could replace the various omelets, custards, boiled eggs, fried eggs, baked eggs, scrambled eggs, poached eggs, etc., etc. An egg in some guise can be enjoyed when the appetite would refuse all other food. Kings appreciate them as well as the most humble peasant, and find in them nutriment in the most portable form and in the most concentrated shape. It is said that after the victory of Muhldorf, when the Kaiser Ludwig sat at a meal with his burggrafs and great captains, he determined on a piece of luxury—"one egg to every man and two to the excellently valiant Schwepperman."

Eggs are especially desirable for children, and the youthful frame finds in them every thing necessary for its growth. I once knew a puny, delicate child to whom all kinds of food seemed repulsive, who relished raw egg and milk, and gained health and strength therefrom. Every morning, as soon as the little one

came from his crib, the mother would beat one egg thoroughly with a teaspoonful of sugar, and mix with it a pint of milk. A cupful of this would be taken in the morning, and the little chap would be ready to drink the remainder for early lunch. In the afternoon another egg would be treated in the same way, to be taken about three o'clock, and again just before early bed-time. And what seemed most surprising, he did not tire of this for a long time, but seemed to prefer it to the dainty luxuries with which his mother tried to tempt the capricious appetite. Oh! no; this was not egg-nog; not a drop of anything "stronger" than the strength-imparting eggs were used. This was a wise mother who knew better than to run the risk of sowing seeds of future sorrow and disgrace with the mistaken idea of present benefit to her boy.

But not as food and medicine alone do eggs hold an important position; many business firms find them invaluable in carrying on their trade. We are told that "in France alone the wine clarifiers use more than eighty million eggs a year, and the Alsacians consume fully thirty-eight millions in calico printing, and for dressing the leather used in making the finest of French kid gloves."

Even egg-shells are valuable, for allopath and homœopath alike agree in regarding them as the purest of carbonate of lime.

In these days of advanced literature, when so many enthusiastic aspirants are entering the field of journalism, much stress is given to the subject of brain food; and it has been proved beyond doubt that eggs are of far more importance than fish or other articles of diet, as they contain a large percentage of phosphorus.

A TRAVELERS' CLUB.

BY LEIGH NORTH.

AMONG the various organizations so much in favor in these days there is none which more happily combines pleasure and profit than a fire-side Travelers' Club. It is an education for the

young, a refreshment for the more experienced. To those who have already seen foreign lands it serves as a reminder of past enjoyments and paints, with fresh color, the fading pictures of memory; to others, looking forward to travel, it affords preparation for a more thorough appreciation of their opportunities, and to the enforced "stay-at-homes" it presents some of the attractions of a journey, without its discomforts.

Such a club may include either or both sexes, and circles of different ages may be formed. The usual officers, President, Secretary, and Treasurer, should be chosen, and the elections, to take place annually, may be more or less formal as desired. The duties of the President chiefly consist in presiding at the meetings, and appointing a substitute in case of absence. The Secretary should notify members of their election, the time and place of assembling, and conduct all correspondence. The Treasurer receives the small annual dues, fines, etc., which form a fund to engage occasional lecturers on the different points of study.

A certain number should be selected by the officers to constitute an Executive Committee, to whom should be intrusted the arrangement of the itinerary or plan of travel through Germany, France, Italy, or whatever country should previously have been decided upon by the majority vote of all the members. Another committee may have in charge the consideration of new names proposed for membership, previous to election.

As some preparation is required, too-frequent meetings are not desirable, hence, a semi-monthly is preferable to a weekly gathering. Places of meeting may be at the houses of different members alternately, or at a given point convenient for all. The programme, with the subjects of consideration and dates, should be prepared by the Executive Committee previous to the opening of the season.

The exercises may begin by calling the roll, to which each should respond by an appropriate quotation from some given author. Then, any special business having been settled, papers on previously-

appointed topics should be read by two members of the club, each one agreeing to furnish a paper in rotation. Some carefully-selected and appropriate music could also be advantageously introduced. The meeting may close by a general conversation, led by each member in turn, on subjects set down in the programme, while all should endeavor to contribute their quota to the common fund of information.

A "foreign tea" would make a pleasant ending for the season's work. An appointed number of the society could act the part of hostesses, dressed in the special costume of the country through which they had been journeying. A few outside friends, especially those who had foreign experiences to narrate, should be invited, and among the refreshments should be introduced a dish of bon-bons, each sweetmeat containing either a quotation or the name of some place in the prescribed region, each guest agreeing to give an anecdote relating to the town or city named.

At all the meetings, but especially at this last, photographs illustrative of the trip, should be gathered together, and, whenever possible, the lectures engaged should be accompanied by stereopticon views. Thus, at small expense, a most improving and entertaining society is organized.

A GLIMPSE.

BY DOROTHY DEANE.

IT was Saturday night. I tucked my little salary envelope into the tiniest of my coat pockets, turned out my office light, ran down the steps, and skurried away down Fifth Avenue to the depot. I snuggled down into my coat collar, ears and all, for the Chicago wind is a frolicsome fellow, and likes to tingle the cheeks and ears of all the people he meets.

I was just in time for the train, and slipped into a seat beside a dear old-fashioned body in a gray shawl. I felt as if I had got into a sweet old-time story. Her soft hair was smoothed away under a plain little bonnet, and her eyes were so kind and sunshiny, and had such

delightful wrinkles at the corners. It made me feel better and happier just to look at her.

I see so many queer people on the train as I go back and forth every day to work. Some of the faces are sour and forbidding, a great many are cold and indifferent, and I have been surprised, when I stopped to think about it, at how seldom I see a genuinely happy face.

I cannot understand why we can't grow happier as we grow older. It seems to me we should if our happiness is of the right kind. It is a different kind of happiness that comes to us as we grow older, a gentle, quiet kind that drops right out of heaven into our hearts.

There was a girl in our office once who somehow slipped into everybody's heart. Susie grew to be such a sweet name just because it was hers. I pondered the matter of her attractiveness for some time, and finally decided that I had found the secret. Day after day I noticed that nobody came to her with little plans and worries and whims, without being listened to and encouraged and helped, in a bright, sweet, sympathetic way. She was never too tired and worried herself to put a little sunshine into some one's else life. Very little things they were, but they made the flower of her own life very sweet and lovely.

When I reached home that Saturday night, I found my home letter waiting for me, as I always do. The home nest is away in Ohio, in a little country town, that is near enough to the city to wear tailor-made clothes. My home letter is as unfailing as the sunrise. Papa never put it into his overcoat pocket and forgot to mail it but once. Mamma always writes the substantial part—two whole solid sheets—and my sister Loll puts on the frills and frosting.

They have built a new house and feel very proud and fine. I haven't had a peep even at the chimney tops. But sometime I'm going home on a vacation, then I'm going to have a crust of hot bread and some of Loll's biscuit. I also have a beloved family of cats who will welcome me with outstretched arms.

EVENING WITH THE POETS.

DOROTHY Q.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

GRANDMOTHER's mother; her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less;
Girlish bust, but womanly air,
Smooth, square forehead, with up rolled hair,
Lips that lover has never kissed,
Taper fingers and slender wrist,
Hanging sleeves, of stiff brocade—
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene;
Hold up the canvas full in view—
Look! there's a rent the light shines through.
Dark with a century's fringe of dust;
That was a Red-coat's rapier-thrust!
Such is the tale the lady old
Dorothy's daughter's daughter told.

Who the painter was, none may tell;
One whose best was not over-well;
Hard and dry it must be confessed,
Flat as a rose that has long been pressed;
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
Dainty colors of red and white;
And in her slender shape are seen
Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn!
Dorothy Q. was a lady born!
Ah! since the galloping Normans came,
England's annals have known her name;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown.
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire and gray-haired son.

O damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring—
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land;
Mother and sister, and child and wife,
And joy and sorrow, and death and life!

What if a hundred years ago
Those close shut lips had answered No!
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name;
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice welled with the bosom's thrill?
Should I be I, or would it be
One-tenth another to nine-tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's yes:
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast,
Through all the battles of wave and blast,

And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long!
There were tones in the voice that whispered then
You may hear to-day in a hundred mer!

O lady and lover how faint and far
Your images hover, and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone;
Edwards and Dorothys—all our own—
A goodly record for time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago!
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive,
For the tender whisper that bade me live?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid!
I will heal the stab of the Red-coat's blade,
And freshen the gold of the tarnished frame—
And gild with a rhyme your household name.
So, you shall smile on us, brave and bright,
As first you greeted the morning's light.
And live untroubled by woes and fears
Through a second youth of a hundred years.

The following poem, "There is No Death," we re-publish by request:

THERE IS NO DEATH.

BY LORD LYTON.

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And, bright in heaven's jeweled crown,
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of May Day.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
And bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile so bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
Those dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE Quaker of the olden time!
How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime
He walked the dark earth through.
The lust of power the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him had no power to stain
The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects
All great things in the small,
And knows how each man life effects
The spiritual life of all.
He walked by faith and not by sight,
By love and not by law;
The presence of the wrong or right
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
That nothing stands alone,
That whoso gives the motive, makes
His brother's sin his own.
And, pausing not for doubtful choice
Of evils great or small,
He listened to that inward voice
Which called away from all.

O Spirit of that early day,
So pure and strong and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew.
Give strength the evil to forsake
The cross of Truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer.

BARBARA.

Versified from Hoffman's Tale.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

BETHE was the youth that summer day
As he smote at the ribs of earth,
And he plied his pick with a merry click
And he whistled anon in mirth;
And the constant thought of his dear one's face
Seemed to illumine that ghostly place.

The gaunt earth envied the lover's joy
And she moved and closed on his head—
With no one nigh and never a cry
The beautiful boy lay dead;
And the treasure he sought for his sweetheart
fair
Crumbled and clung to his glorious hair.

Fifty years is a mighty space
In the human toil for bread,
But to Love and to Death 'tis merely a breath—
A dream that is quickly sped;
Fifty years, and the fair lad lay
Just as he fell that summer day.

At last came others in quest of gold
And hewed in that mountain place,
And deep in the ground one time they found
The boy with the smiling face;
All uncorrupt by the pitiless air,
He lay with his crown of golden hair.

They bore him up to the sun again
And laid him beside the brook,
And the folk came down from the busy town
To wonder and prate and look;
And so, to a world that knew him not,
The boy came back to the old-time spot.

Old Barbara hobbled among the rest—
Wrinkled and bowed was she—
And she gave a cry as she fared anigh;
"At last he is come to me!"
And she kneeled by the side of the dead boy
there,
And she kissed his lips and she stroked his hair.

"Thine eyes are sealed, O dearest one!
And better it is 'tis so—
Else thou mightest see how harsh with me
Dealt Life thou couldst not know;
Kindlier Death has kept thee fair—
The sorrow of Life hath been my share!"

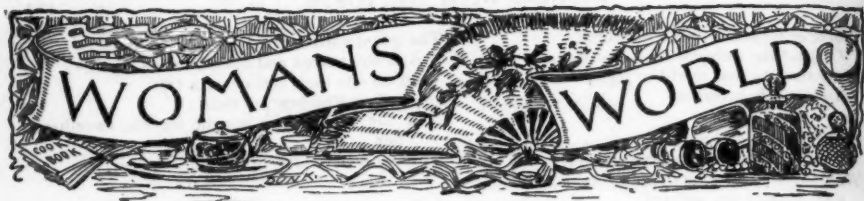
Barbara bowed her aged face
And slept on the breast of her dead,
And the golden-hair of her dear one there
Caressed her snow-white head.
Oh! Life is sweet with its touch of pain,
But sweeter the Death that joined those twain!

LET fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot
destroy.

They come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been dis-
tilled;
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you
will,

But the scent of the roses will cling round it still.
—Thomas Moore.



EDITED BY ELIZABETH LEWIS REED.

FASHION NOTES.

WINTER GOWNS.

STYLES FOR STREET SUITS—CLOTH AND VELVET
VERY PROMINENT—EVENING GOWNS—
NEW COLORS.

DARK red cloth made with a bell skirt and round jacket waist has a "stock" or draped collar of black velvet and large sleeve puffs to correspond, with an Empire girdle and full vest of black satin, border of Astrakhan on the jacket and wrists and two rows on the skirt. Hat of red felt, black velvet, fur, and Princess of Wales tips. Black coat trimmed with Astrakhan and dark red gloves.

For a slender figure fur is used even to edge girdles and the top of a skirt that is worn over the round waist without any belt or girdle. Tiny Mikado jackets of velvet or plain cloth are worn over round waists of silk, cloth, or figured goods and edged with a narrow band of fur that is hardly more than a cord.

A young blonde wears a bell skirt and round waist of hazel brown cloth with sleeves and girdle of green velvet; jacket fronts edged with drops over a full vest and draped collar of green bengaline. The shirt is finished with folds of brown each an inch in width and stitched down on both edges, with an equal space beneath each one. Brown gloves, brown felt hat trimmed with green velvet, and a brown three-quarter coat having a black marten collar.

Brown diagonal serge serves for a bell skirt having a gathered back and outside bias hem piped with brown silk; jacket waist and Empire sleeves having the full puff from elbow to shoulder. Revers, "stock" collar and fitted belt of brown silk and a slightly full vest of ecru cloth

or chamois. Triple cape of brown cloth trimmed with fur; brown gloves and a brown cloth and fur toque.

COMBINING FABRICS.

White serge vests are worn with plain and figured materials made up as tailor gowns, though they will soil very easily. The sleeves can hardly be too large on the upper part of the arm or too close in fit from the elbows to the wrists. Bertha or cape pieces of velvet are placed around the shoulders, commencing narrow in the centre, back and front, and widening over the arms, where they are slightly full, just as they were worn sixty-five years ago. When of silk they often take the shape of a triple cape that terminates before reaching the neck, and in cloth or velvet may be edged with fur.

For combining with homespun and camel's hair goods French modistes are using a quantity of ladies' cloth in the colors fashionable for velvet, as brown, éminence, green, Magenta, etc., for the accessories. Pippings of a bright color, as yellow, pale blue or red, often match the rough threads seen here and there in some of the fashionable bourette goods. Ornamental buttons are appearing on some of the prettiest dresses derived from a Directoire-Empire combination.

A blue ground wool velvet, having dark red and green lines presents the appearance of shot velvet, and the bell skirt has a border of blue velvet headed with gold and jet passementerie. The round bodice has an Empire fitted belt, draped collar, revers and sleeve puffs of the velvet edged with the passementerie of a narrow width. Jacket of blue trimmed with Astrakhan, light tan glacé gloves and a large blue felt hat trimmed with black feathers.

Tan colored wide-wale serge looks well with sleeve puffs, "crush" belt, "stock" collar, and a cape frill of green velvet or greenish blue (Bosphore) satin. The



Fig. 1

cape or bertha frills of velvet are doubled or lined with silk, commence narrow and quite plain in front and grow wider and fuller over the shoulders, in the 1830 style.

Fig. 1 illustrates one of the gowns worn at the *Théâtre du Gymnase* by the pretty Mlle. Demarsy, which is of silver-gray *peau de soie* with the tablier front having tiny spots of silver and bordered with a silver-striped brocade and jabot or chiffon. Vest and jacket fronts of the stripes, with a bordering of sable fur; sleeves of *peau de soie*, and a wide belt of silver-white satin, giving the air of *chic* that pervades all of the costumes worn by this clever actress.

SLEEVES AND SKIRTS.

In the midst of this general lack of unity of purpose, it is curious to note that straight gored skirts prevail so commonly, the exceptions belonging to dresses with short-waisted bodices, and others somewhat akin, the front breadth of which falls loose in a sort of veil from the bust, either gathered or in the form of a plaited drapery. There is a similar unanimity in the width and puffiness of sleeve tops. For the rest there is a great divergence of opinion with respect to sleeves. Perhaps the larger number are now made in a single piece, but as close-fitting from the elbow as if mounted on a high and light gauntlet. Others—the half-dressy ones—fall in ruffles about the forearm; while so-called "short" sleeves continue to be made rather long and often as wide as it is possible to make them.

But to return to skirts: Every one seems agreed to trim them about the bottom edge, and then starts off to try and make this trimming as variable as possible. I might fill a whole column without exhausting the list of different styles of ruching and frilling applied to them, the braids and galloons, and the bands of material laid on, in rows or folds, the



Fig. 2.

passenterie, the trimmings of fur and feathers, and the divers fashions in embroidery applicable to the purpose. Skirts are not cut inconveniently long this sea-

son, albeit they must at all events sweep the ground at the back, trains are reserved for full dress.

Fig. 2 illustrates a bodice appropriate for any materials selected for evening toilettes. Brocade is illustrated for the round waist and skirt, with the bertha ruffle and "tucker" above of lace, Empire belt, and bows of velvet, and fully-puffed sleeves of gauze.

PLAIN AND COSTLY GOWNS.

INEXPENSIVE EVENING AND STREET COSTUMES— NEW DOMESTIC AND FRENCH SILKS.

Some of the materials that will recommend themselves for this purpose are China silks at 50 cents, cotton crêpes for 10 to 15 cents, serge for 50 to 75 cents, cheviot at 39 to 59 cents, crêpons for 69 to 75 cents, striped gauze at 69 to 85 cents, forty-eight inches, and various other fabrics that come and go every season.

The present style of Empire evening dresses take only a limited amount of goods, and such fabrics as the silk, cotton crêpes, and crêpons can be lined with sateen and percaline. Gauze will require a lining of cheap silk, as satin at 50 cents or a surah even cheaper.

The tinsel striped gauzes are pretty combined with elbow sleeve puffs, bertha ruffle, and Empire belt of colored velvet, edged with silver or gilt passementerie.

The prettiest Empire gowns are those having a close-fitting lining of silk beneath the transparent gauze that hangs loosely over the lining, with a little fitting on the sides; the lining is even finished with an Empire belt, making it a complete robe under the outer material.

Fig. 3 shows a pretty frock of Japanese silk or crêpon, for a miss of fourteen to sixteen years to wear to dancing school or an evening gathering. The accordion-plaited skirt must be amply full, and the round waist made without darts; full sleeves, finished with an embroidered ruffle of the goods or of chiffon, corresponding with the Toby ruffle around the neck. Sash of the goods, scalloped and embroidered on the edges.

FROCKS FOR GIRLS.

Little ones follow their mothers in colors and materials this season, and in using velvet, plaid and repped silks for combinations. Entire plaid dresses are made up straight, but if only a yoke and sleeve puffs of plaid are worn, they are usually made bias. A medium-sized or large plaid is selected for girls from four to twelve years, in preference to the small sizes that seem to lack style.

A gathered skirt of two widths of forty-



Fig 3

four inch plaid, mutton-leg sleeves and round waist, is trimmed simply with revers tied over the chest in a sailor knot with ends to the waist line of red bengaline, with a "stock" collar to correspond.

Dressy frocks of Dresden or Empire figured silk for home weddings, parties, etc., have a full waist shirred around the neck and again just below the arm-holes, the skirt then falling below, with deep cuffs and sleeve puffs; epaulets of velvet

frills and velvet ribbon tied around the body under the arms, ending in a large bow and ends on the left.

Fig. 4 represents a frock suitable for a girl of six to ten years, which may be of



Fig. 4

Henrietta, China, or dotted taffeta silk, crêpon, etc. The deep cuffs and wide belt are of guipure lace, contrasting silk, velvet or fine braid passementerie, laid over a second color. Round waist, shirred at the collar and dropping over the belt; full sleeve puffs, shirred in two tiny puffs at the elbows.

HATS AND BONNETS.

TRIMMED HATS.

POKE BONNETS—EVENING AND DAY HATS—
LARGE AND SMALL SHAPES.

A GAIN the "poke" comes upon the scene, and this time in such beautiful form and combination that the effect, on a young face, is simply be-

witching; but, though most enticing to older ladies, very few can venture to wear them. This particular poke model has the inside of the brim of pink felt, the outside of black velvet. The edge of the velvet is turned over a wire, and slip-stitched on to the felt. The brim is four and one-half inches deep in front, one and one-half inches at the back, and about two and one-quarter inches at the sides. The crown is small, but three and one-half inches high, the top being four inches in diameter, the head size fifteen inches round. From these dimensions you can easily cut a felt hat brim, and make the crown of buckram, covered with velvet. Three strips of black satin No. 16 ribbon are easily twisted around the crown, so that the top twist comes a little above it. At the left side is a bow of ribbon, one loop and end going forward, two loops and one end backward, the two ends standing up rather high.



Fig. 1.

A large gold buckle is fastened into the knot. From the knot two tips droop forward just going over the front of the brim, and one backward. Ties of No. 12 ribbon come from under the brim at the back. This hat can be varied in

materials, color, and style of trimming. By making the frame of the brim of cape net, cloth can be used for the under brim to match any costume, or even for the entire hat. Or where black is desired, it can be velvet inside and cloth or felt outside.

Fig. 1 illustrates a shape that may be covered plainly with velvet, felting, or cloth, or be of felt, with a soft "crush" bow of satin ribbon at the back against the upturned brim, and three full tips in front tied in with a knot of velvet holding a buckle.

DRESSY MODELS.

A very lovely hat has a rather wide brim of cut jet laced with sky-blue chenille. The crown is made of a half-yard bias piece of blue velvet, folded on, so as to form two high loops, one, gathered into a buckle on the right of the



Fig. 2.

back, gradually rises, until it forms a full puff in front; the other, starting from the same buckle, puffs up on the left side.

In the space between the two puffs, a little to the left of the front, two tall black Princess of Wales tips rise, with two very little ones at their root, curling



Fig. 3.

over to hide all stems. A bunch of stiff black aigrettes rises between the tips. Double velvet can be substituted for chenille in the brim.

A hat for a young girl, has a crown of bullion, almost flat, about the size of a cheese plate, set on to a black velvet head-band. To this is also sewn (and finished on the outside by the gold crown) a double fluting of black velvet, about two inches wide, on the bias. The fluting is raised up at the back, being carried up to the middle of the crown, and down again, forming a comb; into this is fixed a large bunch of stiff, black aigrettes, finished by a cluster of ruby roses, which are also carried along under the brim in a wreath effect, on the left.

A small cluster of roses rests on the front.

Fig. 2 illustrates a small hat, having the tiny cup crown of felt, with a border of fur around the brim; a twist of ribbon surrounds the crown, with a bow in front having crosswise and upright loops through a buckle. The ribbon to be plain, striped, or plaided.

Fig. 3 represents a French bonnet of velvet plaited in front and plainly covering the frame at the back. The fullness



Fig. 4.

in front is brought up under a buckle, to flare above in a loop and two pointed ends, with two ostrich tips placed back to back. Strings of No. 12 satin ribbon, buckle of jet, gilt, Rhinestones, jade, garnets, etc.

Fig. 4 shows a round felt turban, having a brim of velvet folds and a trimming of two pointed ends, a loop and knot of the velvet in front, with two broad quills thrust through the latter.

VOL. LXIII.—13.

HOME DECORATIONS, ETC.

BY KATHERINE B. JOHNSON.

A TENDENCY to produce the best possible effect with the least amount of work, and to use a variety of fancy



Sofa Pillow.

stitches is a noticeable feature of most embroideries of the present time. This has surely been achieved successfully in the sofa pillow illustrated in Fig. 1. The cover is of the new material called Scotch canton flannel, and is embroidered in the natural shades of the lily and leaves with rope silk. The flowers and leaves are done in long-and-short stitch and veined in outline stitch and the pistils in



Fig. 2.

Bag for Opera-Glasses.

outline and knot stitch. The stem has two rows of outline stitch filled in with cat-stitch, with beautiful effect. A double puff of golden brown silk is sewn all

around the pillow in the following manner.

Crosswise pieces of silk thirteen inches wide are united, the edges folded together and a narrow tuck wide enough to admit a cord for shirring is made the length of the centre and a cord drawn through it. Both edges are then gathered full enough for a handsome puff, care being taken to regulate the fullness evenly when sewing it to the pillow. When all is completed and the pillow placed inside, draw the shirr strings until the centre puff is close to the pillow. Catch it securely at each corner, thus making a handsome double puff.

A beautiful bag for carrying opera-glasses is shown in Fig. 2. It is made of dull blue plush and tinted chamois of a lighter shade. The lining and upper part of the outside is of chamois, with a four-inch deep section of plush at the lower part. The bottom is a card-board section shaped like the bottom of an opera-glass case, and is covered on one side with plush and the other with silk. The bag is attached to this with a slight fullness. On one side of the bag, on the plush section, are painted Cupids astride a limb peering through a glass, while in quaint

shaped letters is the legend, "Look to the Players."

An inch from the top eyelets are cut through both outside and lining and buttonhole stitched around with silk the shade of the chamois, through which is drawn a cord and tassels of the same shade.

THINGS WOMEN LIKE TO KNOW.

A SPEEDY way to temporarily relieve rheumatic pains is to bathe the afflicted parts with *lemon juice*, and if convenient bind on slices of the fruit. The remedy is most simple and accessible to every one.

The old-fashioned balsam apple is still a factor in the households when the children carve with jack-knives.

For hard lumps left in the eyelids by half-developed sties, paint, delicately, with colorless iodine twice or thrice daily. If persisted in, and the eyes rest, it will allay inflammation and scatter the secretion.

Alcohol used as a disinfectant is as satisfactory in its results and more agreeable to the olfactory organs than the old stand by, carbolic acid.

WE, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

—*Shakespeare.*

WONDERMENT.

BY KATHLEEN R. WHEELER.

A LITTLE child, who gazing heavenward,
Had watched a meteor's flash, with curious eye,
Cried, "Mother, what strange things are happening—
Above our heads, at even, in the sky?"

An aged man, bending o'er garden plot,
A tender seedling, sprung to life ; had found.
And said, "I had not thought to welcome this,
What strange things happen, underneath the ground!"

And we, wise folk ; 'twixt heights and depths who dwell,
Beneath the star-lit heavens ; above the slumbering flowers
Gaze round in awe ; and fail to understand
The strange things happening in this world of ours.



ANOTHER AMERICAN GONE.

It seems to have been our misfortune to have been called upon to write more on this page of the dead than of the living.

When a great man dies we all feel that any poor homage we can pay should be paid at once and not grudgingly.

It is not our province nor our desire to ever discuss political people or political subjects in the Magazine, but when a great American like James G. Blaine dies political lines are wiped out, and we think only of the man, what he was and what he did.

No more graceful act has ever been performed by a President-elect than by Mr. Cleveland when he went to Ohio to attend Mr. Hayes's funeral. That one act of his will and has done more to endear him to the hearts of his fellow-men and women than any other single thing he has so far accomplished.

Mr. Blaine was undoubtedly the greatest living American, and the love, honor, and respect shown for him since his death have demonstrated, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that he had as many warm personal friends in one party as the other.

Knowing him since my childhood, and loving him like a brother, it would ill become me to hesitate to show the world my admiration and my affection.

There have been so many unkind, un-

true, and unjust things said of him in the heat of political battle, that it may be years and perhaps generations before he can take the place in American history that is his by every right, human and divine, but that he will reach it, never to be replaced, is just as sure as the duration of the world.

Mr. Blaine was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, January 31st, 1830, and died January 27th, 1893.

Not quite reaching the allotted three-score years and ten, and yet he accomplished more in his three-score years and three than most men could have done in five score.

He was never idle for a moment unless compelled by circumstances.

All his life was devoted to the gaining of knowledge, and his information on nearly all subjects was marvelous and profound. He had a wonderful memory for faces and names. No matter when or where he met a person nor how long it might be before he met them again, he could instantly call them by name and recall the former meeting. A brilliant speaker at all times, some of his speeches will go down to history as perfect masterpieces of the English language. The great American is dead. His country was his heart's idol. To America he devoted his life. True to himself, his country, and his friends, he has gone to claim his just inheritance from God.

PUBLISHER'S PAGE.

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